

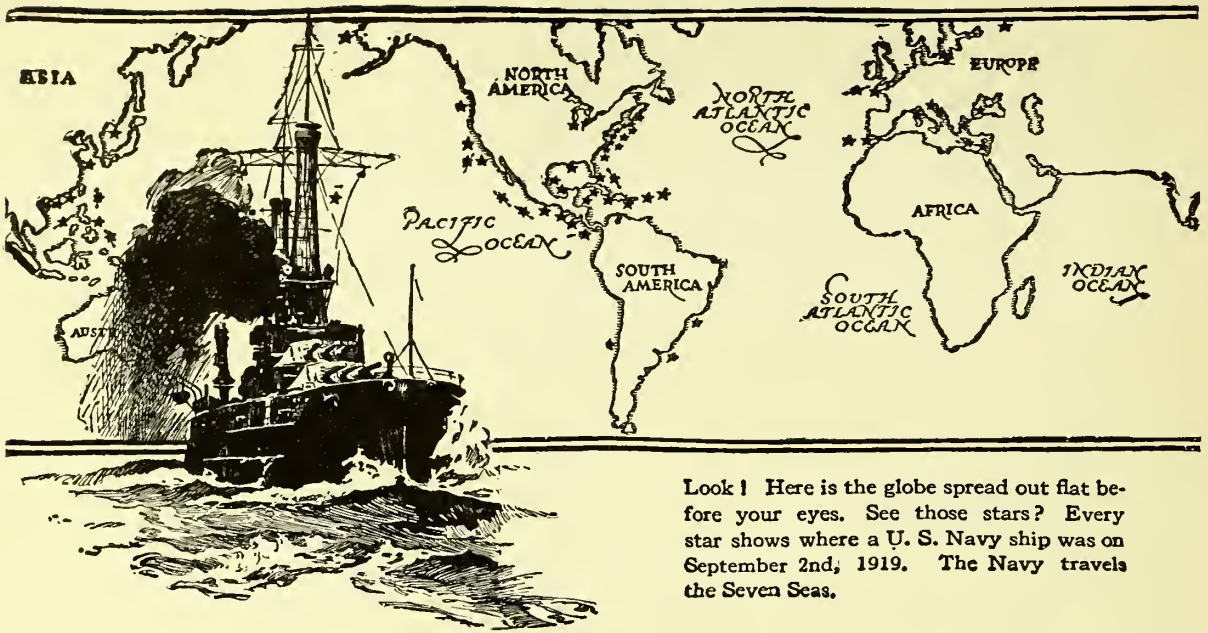
# *The* **American Legion** *Weekly*

DECEMBER 5, 1919  
Vol. 1 No. 23



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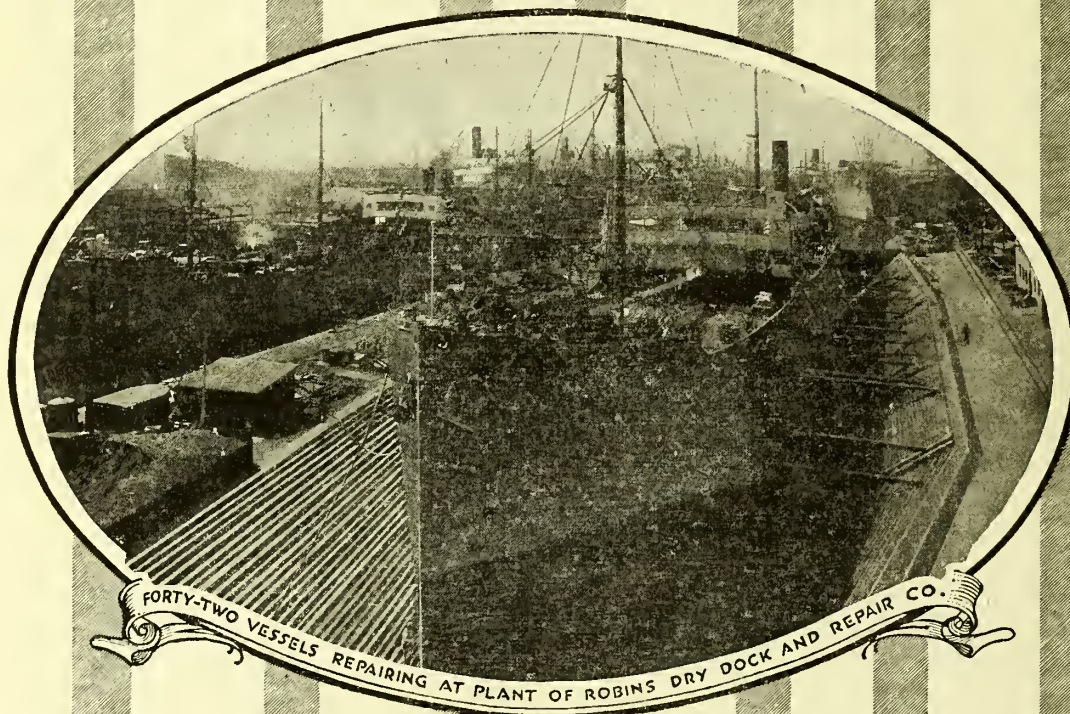
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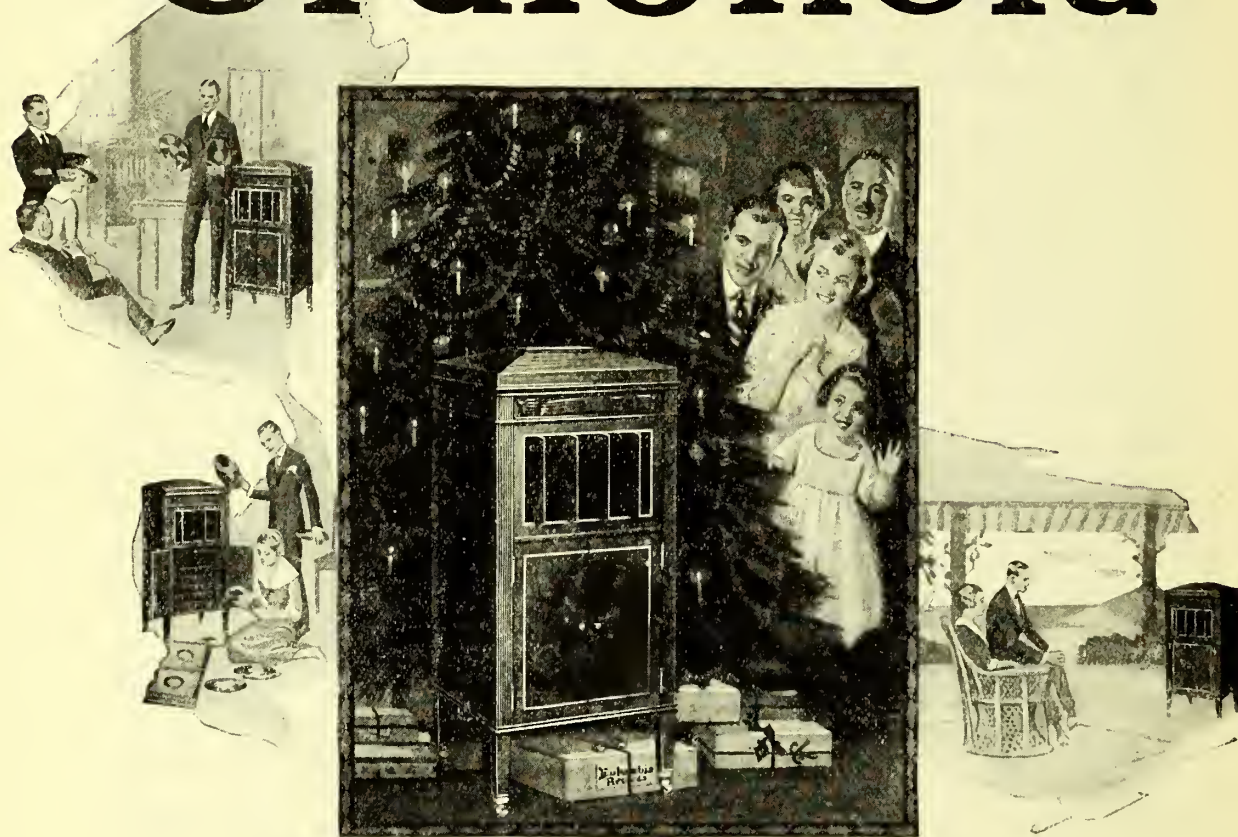
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# The American Legion Weekly

Official Publication of  
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*How would you  
like to see this in  
your Uncle Sam's  
clothes?*

## Bolshevism—Enemy of Americanism

### Democracy Can't Live Where Minority Rules by Force

By JOHN SPARGO

**S**TANDING on the battlefield beyond Chateau-Thierry just after the memorable victory, while the dead lay unburied and the long, winding procession of ambulances laden with wounded men made its tortuous way to Neuilly, a friendly soldier, a gaunt New Englander, said to me, "I guess democracy is going to be safe now, mister." A day or two later I related the incident to one of the foremost statesmen of the French Republic and he replied:

"My friend, the end of this war will not bring peace, but a new and more serious war. The Germans are beaten now, and democracy is safe from the autocracy of the old type. So much we have gained. Now there is a new peril creeping westward, a new form of despotism as subversive of democracy as Prussianism. I mean Bolshevism. Do you think your soldiers will understand this peril? Will they learn how to fight against it with the weapons of organized intelligence?"

At the very outset of the fight in which I would enlist every man in the American Legion it is necessary to understand what we are fighting and why we are fighting it. To that end a few elementary definitions and explanations are necessary. The word Bolshevism is from the Russian and may be translated by the word "majority." In the literal sense, therefore, a Bolshevik is simply one belonging to, or advocating the claims of, the majority. From this it would appear that Bol-

shevism means simply majority rule, which is a well-established American principle. As a matter of fact, a fact the Bolshevik leaders freely admit, it means nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is the essence of Bolshevism that majority rule must be overthrown.

This contradiction between the name of Bolshevism and its aim and essential meaning puzzles a good many minds. It can be explained easily, however. In 1903 there was a Congress, or convention as we should say, of one of the Russian Socialist parties—the Social Democratic Party, which was the smaller of the two Socialist parties of Russia. Because of the tyrannical conditions existing under the Czar, it was impossible for this gathering to be held in Russia, so it was held in England, in a London church. At this convention there were two factions, each led by strong and brilliant men.

One faction, led by Plechanov, the great Russian expositor of Marxian Socialism, held that nothing could be accomplished in the way of extensive social change until the assent of the majority was obtained. The other faction, led by the man whom the world knows as Nikolai Lenine, the Premier of Russia today—whose real name is Vladimir Ulianov—held that it was hopeless to expect to get the assent of the majority; that a few strong and daring men must

be relied upon to seize power. "Progress comes through daring minorities," they said.

**I**N the struggle between these two factions, which dominated the convention, the Lenine faction won. That is, the majority of the convention supported the view that minority action and rule, and not majority action and rule, must be relied upon. Believers in the majority principle were in the minority. Partly because there was something ironically amusing in constantly calling the bitter opponents of majority rule "the Majority," Bolshevik and Bolshevism came into general use as "tags."

Plechanov and his followers were called Mensheviks, from the word Menshevism, meaning minority. Later on, when conditions changed and Lenine and his followers were outnumbered and outvoted, the old "tags" or nicknames clung to them. They were still called Bolsheviks, meaning majority, when they were really Mensheviks, that is, the minority. And the latter term continued to be applied to the advocates of majority rule, who were now actually the majority.

I trust that this explanation will make quite clear to the reader that the word Bolshevism as applied to the Lenine-Trotsky doctrine does not signify government by the majority, as the etymology of the word implies, but the very opposite.



There is another Russian word which has been introduced into our contemporary language as a result of the revolutionary developments in Russia, the word Soviet. The average "man in the street," the "curbstone philosophers" and many of the soap-box propagandists seem to think this word is the name of some magical device for solving all the problems of poor perplexed humanity. Actually it means neither more nor less than our word "council." The word was in use long before the Russian revolution took place. Just as we have councils of trades unions, of doctors, of journalists, of social reformers, ministers, churches, and so forth, so had the Russians their soviets of every description. Even the Czar's government was officially called an Imperial Soviet.

When we read in the newspapers that the Soviet of Moscow has assembled and passed a certain resolution, we must understand that a body very much like the New York Board of Aldermen has held its meeting. The average Russian would not know what sort of a body the New York Board of Aldermen was if he read an account of its doings in a Russian paper, unless it were described for him by the Russian word soviet. The City Council of Cleveland, let us say, would be described as the Soviet of Cleveland. A little calm, common-sense greatly clarifies this much befogged and befuddled subject.

Now if soviet means only council, why, then, should we oppose the Bolshevik agitation?

**T**HE answer is: Our opposition is not to councils as instruments and agencies of government, but to the Bolshevik idea and program of making these the agencies for imposing by force the will of the minority upon the majority.

If this description of the idea and program of Bolshevism is true and just, its antagonism to the fundamental and cherished principles of American democracy becomes self-evident. Any attempt to forcibly subject the majority to the will of any minority is an attack upon the whole structure of democracy. No amount of rhetorical camouflage can disguise this fact. Czarism and Kaiserism were wrong and had to be overthrown, not simply because Nicholas II and Wilhelm II were unacceptable as individuals, but because the principle underlying their rule was bad and intolerable. When the same principle of a minority ruling the majority by force is resorted to by a Lenine or a Bela Kun, the principle remains equally as objectionable and intolerable. The only question remaining for us, therefore, is whether the description we have given of the Bolshevik idea and program is accurate and just.

Let us examine this question candidly and without passion: Under Czarism a great nation of 180 millions of people, occupying about one-sixth of all the land of the globe, was subject to the despotic rule of a little group of bureaucrats. Contrary to the general idea, the government of Russia was not a personal absolutism. The Czar was only the center of a ring of bureaucrats whose rule was



tyrannical, brutal and shamefully corrupt. Ever since 1825 there had been developing among the thoughtful elements of the Russian population a great

struggle against despotism and toward a democratic form of government. For most of those who were engaged in this struggle, the American Republic represented an ideal, to attain which they were ready to make any sacrifice. The great mass of the people were wholly without political rights, and parliamentary government, as we know it, did not exist.

At various times there were desperate mass uprisings against the system; at other times desperate acts of terrorism, such as assassinations by shooting and bomb-throwing, were resorted to in the hope of frightening the bureaucracy into granting political reforms. After the disastrous Russo-Japanese War, in 1905, there was a tremendous revolutionary uprising which for a time seemed likely to succeed, but it was suppressed and drowned in blood. The corruption and weakness revealed by the great war, the open treachery of a large part of the military command, the suffering and privation of the soldiers and the civilian population combined to bring about the revolution in March, 1917, which overthrew Czarism and brought about the destruction of the monarchy.

**W**HEN that great event occurred, men and women of all parties, belonging to practically every section of the population except the old bureaucratic elements, joined together in creating a Provisional Government. There were in that government the representatives of the Moderate Democratic parties and of the great Socialist parties. This Provisional Government made an honest attempt to carry on the war. In this it failed, for reasons into which it is impossible to enter in detail here. Suffice it to say that their failure was due partly to the exhaustion and disgust of the soldiers, and partly to the stupid and shortsighted policy pursued by the governments of the nations allied with Russia in the war. The Bolsheviks took advantage of these conditions and carried on a propaganda among the soldiers which resulted in the collapse of the Russian offensive.

During this time the Provisional Government was busy making the necessary arrangements for the creation of a thoroughly democratic republic form of government in Russia. How immense that task was can hardly be understood by the average American. It is necessary to visualize the problem: A country almost three times as large as the United States, with nearly 180 millions of people, with very scanty railroad facilities, the total railway mileage being only about that which Canada has to serve eight millions of people, had for the first time to hold general elections for the entire country. The basis of the elections was to be universal, equal, secret suffrage. That is to say, every man and woman in Russia had a right to vote by secret ballot, and every political party had a right to nominate its candidates and make its campaign. Of course the difficulties were greatly increased by the fact that a very large percentage of the people, particularly those over thirty years of age, was illiterate. Nevertheless, the elections were held and thirty-six million



people cast their votes for the election of a Constituent Assembly, or Constitutional Convention, as we should describe it.

This Constituent Assembly was, therefore, the result of the most democratic election ever known in any country. It represented the largest popular electorate in the history of the world. When the returns were in, it was found that a majority of those elected were Socialists, representing the great peasant or farmers' organizations. There were no fetters upon this body; it could adopt any kind of government the Russian people wanted. If they wanted soviet government, they could have it; if they wanted a democracy, they could have it; and whatever system of land ownership they desired, they were at liberty to write into the constitution. The time had at last arrived when democracy in Russia had a chance.

Before the Constituent Assembly was elected, while the elections were going on, the Bolsheviks, under the leadership of Lenin and Trotzky, backed by a regiment or two of disgruntled soldiers, forcibly seized the reins of government, and Kerensky was overthrown and obliged to flee. The Bolsheviks had been loud in their professions of faith in the Constituent Assembly. They had, in fact, been its most vociferous advocates. Yet, when the Constituent Assembly met, the Bolsheviks dispersed it at the point of the bayonet, proclaiming with brutal candor that they were not going to acknowledge the right of the majority, but would set up instead what they called a "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." In order to understand the situation, it must be borne in mind that never for a single moment has any Bolshevik even made the suggestion that the Constituent Assembly did not represent the honest, free and sincere vote of the Russian people.

AS an American citizen, and a believer in democracy, I am ready to rest my case at this point and to stand upon the single proposition that a government which at the bayonet-point disperses the constitutional convention duly elected upon the basis of universal, equal and secret suffrage, and maintains itself in power by brute force, has no moral justification, and that any attempt to justify it involves treason to American ideals.

Let us, however, consider the matter a little further. What is meant by the "dictatorship of the proletariat," about which we hear so much? Before we can answer that question we must first of all decide what meaning shall be given to the word "proletariat." In ancient Rome this term was applied to a large class of people, including peasants, wage artisans, and all others who possessed neither capital, property, nor assured means of support. They were regarded as being unfit to enjoy political rights, because the only contribution they made to the wealth of the state was in the form of *proles*, that is, offspring. The word is generally used in the popular Socialist propaganda of the day to apply to industrial workers, wage-earners. It does not, in the common usage of the day, draw the old distinction concerning political rights. On the other hand, the mere absence of property does not constitute a proletarian in this modern



sense. As used then, the term "dictatorship of the proletariat" means, and can only mean, that government is to be the

exclusive function of the industrial wage-earners.

Now, even in a highly industrial country like the United States, this class does not constitute anything like a majority of the population, as anybody can ascertain for himself by consulting the statistics of occupation. In Russia the proletariat is really only a very small part of the population. Fully eighty per cent of the population of the former Russian Empire consists of peasants. All other classes combined, including the aristocracy, the bureaucracy, capitalists, the professional classes, and the wage-earners, amounted to less than twenty per cent. Dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia means, therefore, that political power is to be exercised only by a very small minority of people. When we speak of peasants in Russia, it is necessary to guard against a very common misunderstanding of the word. The term is used exactly as we use the word "farmer" in this country.

A peasant may be a very rich and prosperous farmer; he may be a man who, with very little help, just manages to make a decent living for his family; or he may be a poor wretch living from hand to mouth in a condition analogous to our poor white "crackers" in some of the southern states. This latter class of peasants, and it only, the Bolsheviks admit to the right of franchise, on the ground that their miserable poverty entitles such peasants to be counted with, and as part of, the proletariat. All other peasants are simply disfranchised. What this would mean in this country is quite obvious. It would disfranchise every farmer who employed a single hired man. It would take the vote away from every progressive and successful farmer in the land and give the vote only to the poor, illiterate, and, all too often, degenerate "crackers."

UNDER the present constitution of soviet Russia, every merchant, from the keeper of a little corner grocery to the owner of a great department store, is debarred from the right to vote or be voted for. Every insurance agent, real estate dealer, commission agent and broker is subject to similar disqualification. Every farmer who hires help of any kind, even a single "hand," every petty contractor, every person employing any hired help whatever, even a stenographer, is disfranchised. Every minister of the Gospel, every lawyer except those in the public service, and all persons living wholly or in part upon incomes derived from inheritance or investment are likewise excluded from the prerogatives of citizenship. It does not require very much of an imagination to see what this would mean in the United States. Of course there is a theory back of this peculiar arrangement. It may be summed up in a paraphrase of St. Paul's dictum as follows: "If any man will not become a proletarian, neither shall he vote."

The Bolshevik contention is that the dictatorship by the proletarian minority is a temporary arrangement; that when the system has become well established, and a great many of those who are now excluded from the franchise because their

(Continued on page 31)



# The Old Salt Changes Savour

## Yesterday's Sailor Passes with The Days That Moulded Him

**H**E SHIPPED when wooden ships and iron men comprised the United States Navy. He is one of a rare species still found occasionally aboard Uncle Sam's warships, voicing their disgust with the fates which conspired to transform the navy of the good old days into a navy of iron ships and wooden men.

I met him in a Naval Y. M. C. A., not far from a navy yard, where I had gone one idle afternoon in the hope of encountering some former shipmates. He was seated in an armchair in the lobby, gazing disgustedly at a group of the new generation of man-o'-war's men, who were regaling themselves with sun-dae and sodas at the Y soda fountain. He puffed strenuously on a blackened clay pipe, emitting a cloud of noxious smoke, reminiscent, to the initiated nostril, of the strong, dry plug which still was issued by navy paymasters as late as 1911. The winds of the seven seas and a few oceans had contributed to the tanned ruddiness of his face, neck and that part of his chest bared by the décolleté of his V-cut blouse, and fantastic intoxicants of many climes had added a touch of color.

I was counting the high column of red "hash marks" on his sleeve to determine whether or not he had added the additional two to which he had become entitled since I served with him on the West Coast, when he looked up, and our eyes met.

"Hello, Sails," I greeted him. "What ship?"

He received my overture indifferently, not deigning to reply.

"Don't remember me, do you?" I persisted. "We served together on the *Pennsylvania*—the *Pittsburg*, now."

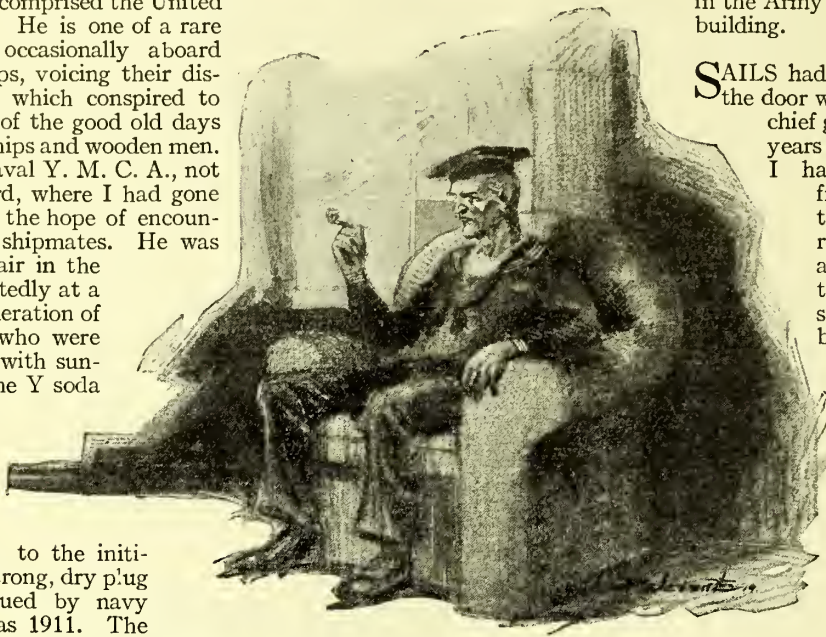
He favored me with a second glance, and an expression of recognition dawned.

"You look familiar—oh, yes, you was a gungreaser on the *Pennsy*, wasn't you? In the torpedo room."

Complete recognition was effected, and perhaps the memory of torpedo alcohol supplied him on divers occasions by the gunner's mates of the *Pennsylvania*'s torpedo-room crew awakened in him a spark of amity. When we were shipmates, in 1910, the old sailmaker's mate had expressed little love for the navy of that day, but man-o'-war's men of his type and propensities then were sufficiently numerous to preclude his classification as an anachronism.

"What ship now, Sails?" I inquired a second time. "I see you haven't retired yet."

"No, I haven't retired yet, but I'm going to, pretty soon. Thirty-two years



By **WENDELL W. HANMER**

in, now. What ship? Hardship. Dam-hardship!" And singing his oft-repeated refrain of 1910, "This is getting to be a helluva navy. Look at that!" He drew attention to the group of bluejackets about the soda fountain; his voice and gesture were eloquent of disgust. He mused in silence a moment, then demanded, "Out of the navy, or just sportin' around in civies?"

"I'm out, Sails. I stayed out. It's citizenship for me these days."

"Didn't you go back for the war?"

"No, I didn't. When I left I said, never again."

He uncoiled his knees and took the pipe from between his teeth the better to launch the next interrogation. Turning in his chair the more directly to face me, he demanded:

"Married?"

"Nope, still happy," I replied, attempting facetiousness.

"Not married, and didn't go back in the navy for the war?" He regarded me a moment in silence. I wondered what was coming next. I started to reply, but was interrupted.

"Huh!" he snorted. "No wonder we've got such a helluva navy nowadays, with the kind of yellow swabs they're shipping. Haven't even got spunk enough to fight for their country!" He rose abruptly and walked away. I was given the cold cut, absolute and direct. The United States, or rather the Navy, which to him is the United States, is fast approaching dissolution and disintegration, he was convinced. He gave me no

opportunity to explain that I had been in the Army during the war. He left the building.

**S**AILS had hardly disappeared beyond the door when I encountered Torrey, a chief gunner's mate of some twelve years naval service. Torrey and I had been exceedingly good friends, having served aboard three different ships together, rowing in the raceboat's crew and playing on the football team of each. When I had seen him last, some six years before, he had held a coxswain's rating, but later he had gone into the gunner's gang and in due time had been promoted to chief gunner's mate.

Torrey is a handsome, strapping chap of about thirty-three years, radiating the virility of an outdoor, athletic existence. As "Mickey" he is known to his shipmates, and as "Mickey" I greeted him. We spent

the afternoon and evening together, then he returned to his ship, a destroyer undergoing repairs in the navy yard. I went home and to bed to lie awake thinking of past navy days for some time before I fell asleep.

"What became of Shorty McKibbon?" I had asked Mickey over our coffee and cigarettes, at dinner.

"Died about two years ago," Micky had replied. "Died in bed while ashore on liberty. Don't know what killed him, but suppose it was heart failure, brought about by too much bum booze. Some raceboat man, Shorty was, and some seaman."

Poor old Shorty. We discussed him for half an hour. "Some raceboat man and some seaman" is a fitting epitaph. Some five feet four inches tall, of about one hundred and ten pounds weight, weather-beaten and blasphemous, I see him again in my mind's eye exhorting an exhausted raceboat's crew into the final superhuman effort which so often resulted in victory.

"Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" Tersely he would give his weary crew the count, his body swaying with his words. "Pick up the stroke there, Number 4," suddenly he would command. "Pick up the stroke, you Blankety-blank-blank! Put some beef on it, you cross-eyed son of a sea pig!" Then more softly as Number 4, who, perhaps glassy-eyed and light-headed from exertion toward the nearing end of the long grind, would rally with renewed vigor, "Ah, that-a-boy; I knew you had it in you." Then, to the crew as a whole: "Bend your backs! Show



'em where we live, men! We've got it all over the farmers. Stroke! Stroke! Snap into it, me bullies . . ."

Perhaps it was a Battenburg Cup race held in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, over a three-mile course between two long lines of anchored warships. With the firing of the one-pound cannon on the starter's launch the race would begin with a spurt for position. Ship's sirens, whistles, bands and their shouting crews would create a pandemonium of din such as no carnival gathering ever approximated and with which only a barrage on the western front may be compared. Long before the first mile mark was reached Shorty's crew would be unaware of their surroundings. Their powers of observation would be forgotten as a result of his persistent appeals, their eyes fixed upon the blade of the oar ahead and ears strained for his next command. By the time three-fourths of the course had been covered most of the entrants in the race would be strewn out in a long, irregular line to the rear. Shorty, as usual, would be well to the fore.

Shorty never set the pace, except from an ulterior motive, such as wearing out his own crew that another might win. When this occurred he immediately challenged the winner to a purse race and relieved the trophy-winning boat's crew and their ship's company of all visible loose cash. Boat racing, prior to the war, was the major sport of the navy. Contesting crews have rowed for pooled purses of \$10,000 and more.

When coxswain of a certain raceboat in a Battenburg Cup race a few years ago, Shorty inserted in the drain hole of his boat a grooved plug which extended below the boat's bottom two feet into the water. The drag of this plug was almost as great as that of a towed bucket. Shorty's boat finished second, with a crew that was still strong. Four members of the winning crew collapsed the instant their boat had crossed the finishing line. The cup winners accepted Shorty's challenge for a purse race, but the race was never rowed. In some manner the trick of the extended boat plug leaked out. Shorty's code of raceboat ethics was: All is fair in love and war; and boat racing was the only love of his comprehension.

**A**BOARD ship he was always happy-go-lucky and ready to extend a helping hand to the recruit. Though nearly fifty years of age, he was as quick as a wildcat and was ever happy to put on the gloves with anyone desiring a bit of strenuous boxing. In his youth he had, through successive enlistments—the gobs say cruises—been

featherweight and lightweight champion of the Atlantic, Asiatic and Pacific fleets. A lark of any description appealed to his sense of humor. He was fond of tying elaborate monkey-fist knots in sleeping sailors' hammock lashings and putting the knots into buckets of water to soak overnight. By morning a knot would be so swollen that it was impossible to untie it, and the sailor needs must seek a new lashing. Shorty particularly enjoyed sending the recruit on his first voyage to the sailmaker for a key to the keelson and for swab combs and gripes for spitkids. For the benefit of the landsman reader, gripes are the gilligens with which gadgets are secured for sea. That's clear enough, isn't it? There was no trick of seamanship of which Shorty was not master and which he was not ever willing to impart to the seeker after knowledge. His one great failing was an over-fondness for liquor, which failing was common to many of the sailormen of his day.

The expedients to which some of those old salts would resort when in the throes of a "hang over" aboard ship were numerous and novel and, occasionally, fatal. A certain chief boatswain's mate aboard the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*, in 1910, tried a bottle of black ink for a brace the morning after a particularly strenuous evening ashore. The black ink failing to produce the desired effect, he drank a bottle of red ink. The red ink also being deficient in exhilarating properties he disposed of a pint of tomato catsup. He was then taken to the sick bay, where, after the relieving application of a stomach pump, he rested the remainder of the day. By evening the last effects of the colorful potions had worn off, and he returned ashore for a farewell joust with the demon rum. He reported aboard an hour before the ship sailed the following forenoon, apparently none the worse for his experiences.

The enclosed decks of warships are covered with linoleum, which periodically is shellacked. The shellac is mixed with grain alcohol, which can be extracted by straining and other ingenious methods. Shellac parties were among the favorite social functions of the old school man-o'-war's men.

Alcohol in any form had to be kept well secured. Shellac lockers were bolted and barred, and alcohol stores, when not

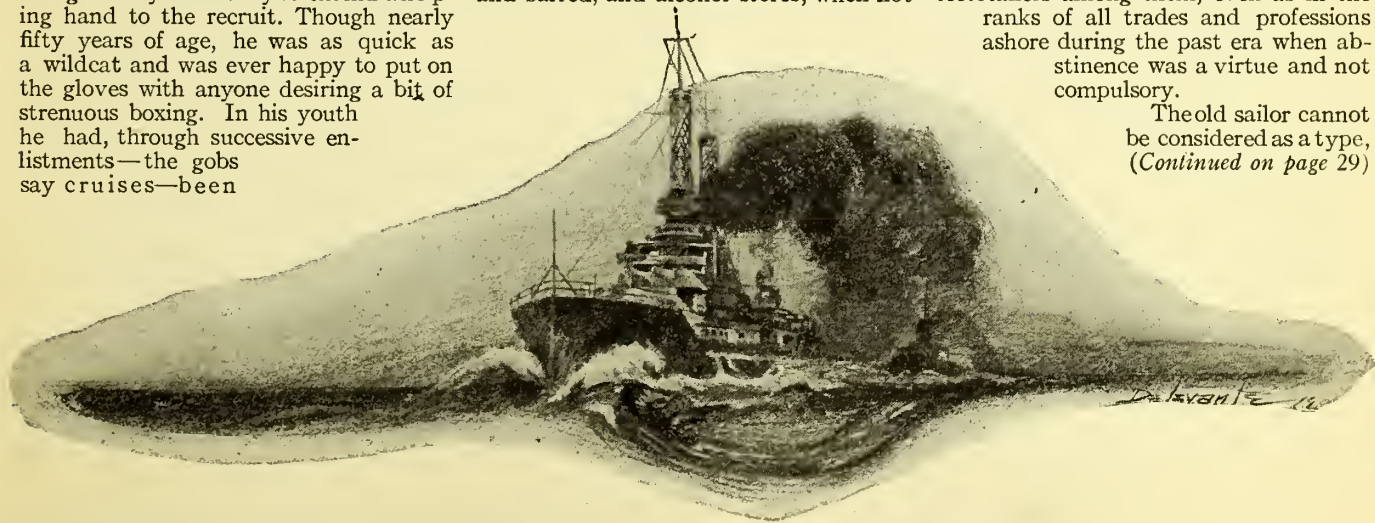
under lock, were guarded by sentries. But Yankee ingenuity surmounts all obstacles. Aboard the *South Dakota*, several years ago, two barrels of alcohol were placed on the superstructure deck, just aft of the port engine-room hatch. A marine sentry guarded it at all times. One morning it was discovered that a hole had been bored into one of the barrels and the contents extracted. It was later learned that the worker had lain on the hatch grating under cover of darkness provided by the hatch canopy, had bored the hole and had inserted a rubber hose which extended to the engine-room below. The hose had performed efficient service as a syphon.

Aboard another ship three men died and two others narrowly escaped death after drinking the alcohol they had extracted from a hydraulic jack which navy yard workmen had used in some repair work. The alcohol was wood alcohol. Button polish, carried in the ship's canteen for the benefit of the brass buttoned marine guard, also was responsible for a few naval casualties.

**I**F the old sailor was, in popular parlance, a rumhound, there is something to be said in extenuation of his failing. He began his career when long weeks were spent at sea in strenuous labor, every moment of the time governed and directed by naval regulations. He worked not eight hours a day, to spend the other sixteen in the bosom of his family, but four hours on and four hours off, through day and through night. The only variation of this routine existence occurred when furious elements deprived him of his "watch below," sometimes extending his watch on deck through twenty-four hours. His life was one of all work and no play. Ashore, in port, the restraint of weeks was cast aside, but he was an alien to the life of the city, ignorant of its gentler diversions and unwelcomed to participation therein. Then, too, his was a day when seafaring men considered the measure of a man the amount of liquor he could down before he was downed himself. No diversion but debauch welcomed him ashore, so he engaged strenuously and returned to his ship.

Not all of the old sailors were drinking men, however, though unquestionably such were in the majority. There were teetotalers among them, even as in the ranks of all trades and professions ashore during the past era when abstinence was a virtue and not compulsory.

The old sailor cannot be considered as a type,  
(Continued on page 29)







# THE EDITORIAL PC.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



## Action Is Expected

CONGRESS apparently has elected to cogitate upon beneficial soldier legislation until it has had a rest. The question of homes, of a bonus, of farms, of a military policy conforming to American democracy, of expulsion of alien slackers and of governmental reforms and adjustments—these matters have been before Congress and the country long enough to admit of a decision and of definite action. The American Legion has a right to expect that such action will have the right of way when Congress settles down to business again. The American Legion will be justified in insisting, so far as it is able to insist, that something definite be done.

## Where the Legion Comes In

AN INCIDENT occurring in a western city of holy repute for patriotic activity is noted with interest if not with a little pained surprise. The mayor called for a mass meeting of leading employers to consider the problem of unemployment among men lately discharged from the military and naval service. Of the many invited some five employers responded, which caused the mayor to dismiss the gathering with an expression of warranted disgust.

Now we are all quite familiar with public apathy in piping times of peace. Perhaps that is a greater degree of apathy on the part of employers than one ordinarily would be willing to expect. Certainly it does not provide an indictment against employers. They may all have been otherwise engaged that night or they may not have taken the mayor's interest in the matter at par.

But the incident is one of those that does lead us to thank God and the foresight of the service men in having formed themselves into an American Legion. For in this instance, as in others where outside agencies and instrumentalities failed, the Legion stepped in and got jobs for the unemployed. Where the employers did not rally at the mayor's call they did heed the voice of a numerically powerful local post. The incident, while unimportant in itself, is one of many that convinces us it is fortunate we did not leave the processes of readjustment and the operation of justice and equity entirely to mere chance.

## A Suggestion

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has made a few suggestions in the past on mutual helpfulness. It has urged particularly the cooperation of Legion members in finding suitable employment for those who have not been placed. Does it not conform to the true spirit of mutual helpfulness that we consider also those professional men and tradesmen who lost a year or two years in the service? Surely there are no better doctors and dentists and lawyers and tradesmen and artisans of every sort than those who were in service. Few, if any, of them have regained their lost ground in the com-

munity since returning from long, lean months of service. In many cases their plight has been just as serious as those who were unable to find employment. These facts should be born in mind and utilized as a proper part of that mutual helpfulness which prevails in every local post in The American Legion.

## Facts Before Acts

WE CANNOT resist this word of advice to local posts: Pass upon no measure affecting your post or your community without the most careful consideration. A matter of immediate local importance may be presented in such a manner as to arouse your immediate sympathy. It may appear to be the right and obvious thing to do. But if the public interests are involved, every phase of every subject should be thoroughly canvassed.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is much impressed by the action of one local post in deciding to pass vitally upon no important question without first letting it repose in committee for two weeks under detailed investigation—this except in the case of an emergency.

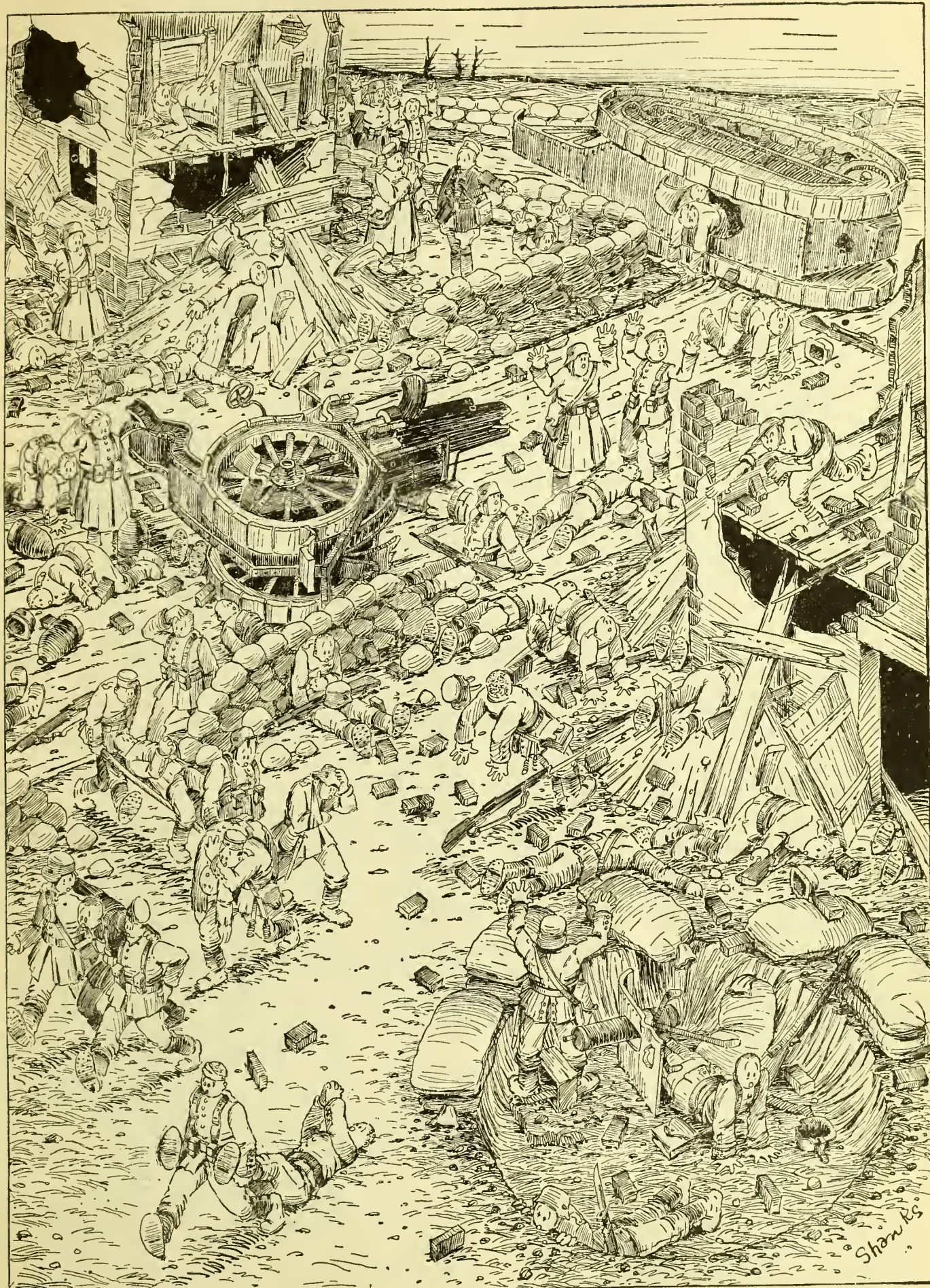
Such deliberation will prevent an ill-advised or premature action which might neutralize local public sympathy and interest in the post. It is the part of wisdom. Nothing will impair the higher usefulness of a local post in its community more quickly than impulsive resolutions and actions taken without a full knowledge of all the facts and circumstances involved.

## Enroll a "Buddy"

ENROLLMENT of the second million members is the organization task that is now before The American Legion. It is an undertaking which the new National Headquarters intends to see completed before the next convention at Cleveland, Ohio.

In view of the amazing accomplishment in organizing the first million members in half a year and during a period when the Legion was in a somewhat nebulous state, there would seem to be nothing impracticable in the plan to add a second million to the ranks in the ensuing twelve months. And yet it will require the active cooperation of the million pioneers. National Headquarters can direct the campaign, giving helpful suggestions to the state organizations and local posts; but the actual results in concrete new membership depend upon the individual legion worker. If each member would make it a point to secure the enrollment of one "Buddy," the problem would be solved at once. In fact, that was largely the means whereby the first million was secured. And there is no greater service the Legion members can perform, not only to his organization but to those who have not yet joined, than to tell them the story of The American Legion and take them to a local post for enrollment. Let's all give the task a lift and put over that second million well inside the allotted time.





*Hitherto Unpublished Pictures of the War: Private O'Shaughnessey discovers a pile of Irish artillery.*

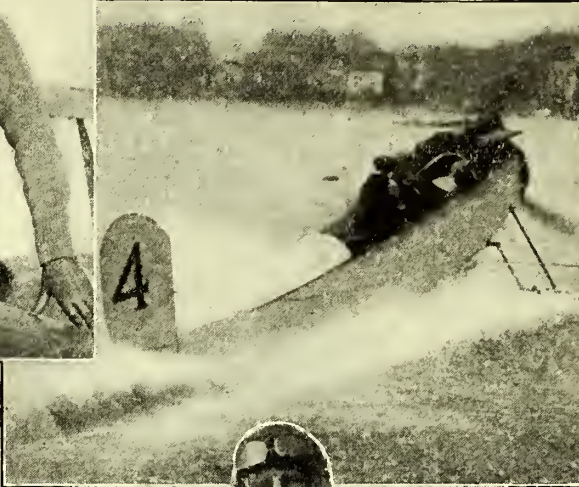


# Flying Over the Lines of Peace

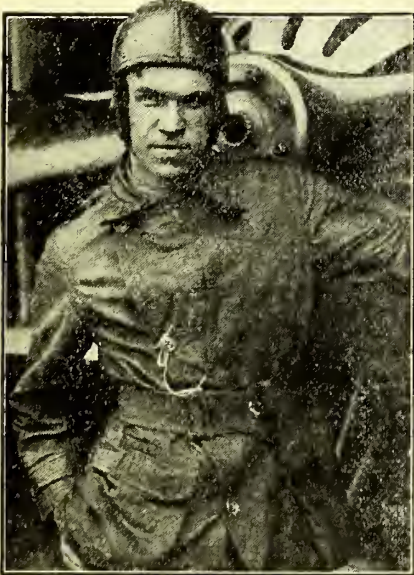
*Jane Herveux, who is a captain in the French Air Service, is in America teaching women how to fly.*



*Clip the wings of a seaplane, find a large body of water and you can enjoy "water scooting," the latest sport.*



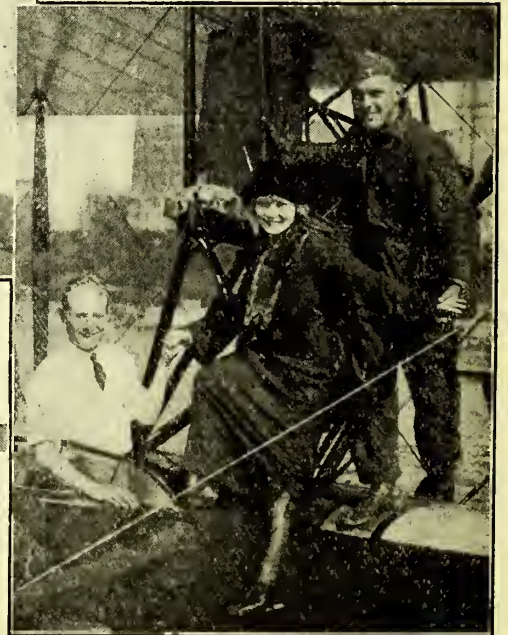
*Someday Roland Rohlf is going up in the air so far he can't get back. So far he's only gone 34,500 feet, but that's a world's altitude record. His "ship" is shown below.*



*Sadi Lecointe traveled 180 miles an hour in the two-seater pictured above him and set a new world's speed record.*

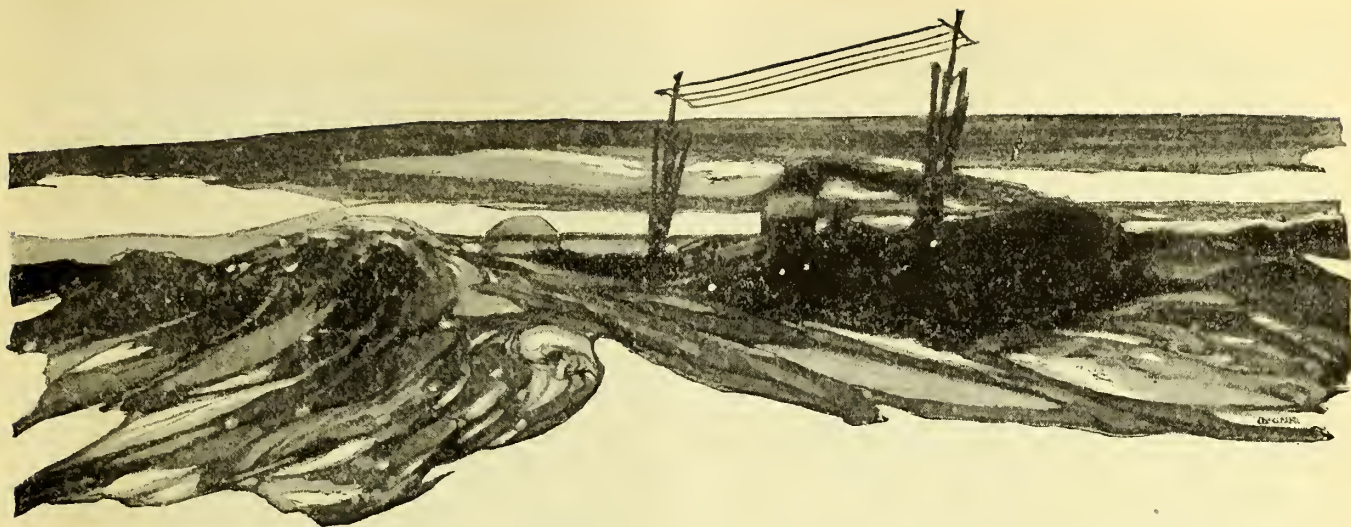


*Col. William Barker's left arm was paralyzed in the war, but he made a few of them hump in the transcontinental race, driving with his right.*



*Taxi-rates are going up and so are taxis. Here's one ready to start, at fifty dollars a ride.*





# Mike Monkey's Bread Returns

By HENRY LEVERAGE

**T**HE *Ivor* was a deep-sea tug, four-square, sturdy, broad and altogether effective.

She had been out on blue water, times innumerable. Her rating at Lloyd's was A1. No spar-varnished defaced her combined bridge, deck-house and chart-room. Her mate and skipper ate with the crew. Her first engineer had chased steam through leaking pipes from the day of two expansions and cross-coupled engines.

He was known over the Seven Seas as Mike Monkey. His thrift was a proverb. It was said that he supported a mother, an invalid wife and five children at Tyneside.

The business of wrecking on the Atlantic Freeboard had greatly prospered. The *Ivor* lay off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, tugging at her rusty anchor-chain like a bulldog at a root. Instructions were expected from McGovern & Sterne, her owners. Micky McMasters, the doughty skipper of the *Ivor* was ashore, togged in tailored garb and keen as a ferret after a salvage contract.

Mike Monkey stood a lone watch on the bridge. The port and starboard side-lights were out. The riding light showed clear. A mist hid the Narrows and the Lower Bay. Voices traveled over the water from Tompkinsville.

It was six bells, from many anchored ships, when Mike Monkey paused in his rail walk upon the bridge and squinted beneath the visor of a greasy cap toward a disturbance over the stumpy bow of the *Ivor*. The first engineer shifted a chew from cheek to cheek. He crept upon a flag locker, lifted his eyes above the canvas windbreak of the bridge, and squinted for a second and longer glance.

There was no doubt at all that a man was swimming to the tug. Moreover, shouts from shore indicated that the man was a fugitive.

"I believe it's th' skipper," concluded the Scotch-Irish engineer. "Like as not he's savin' th' ruinous boat hire o' this iniquitous harbor."

A lantern moved on the end of a wharf.

More shouts floated to the *Ivor*. The gleam of brass buttons showed where the bay lapped the shore. A shot was fired.

"Micky's daft," said Mike. "He's murdered somebody."

The engineer glided along the bridge with a scissored motion to his legs, turned, grasped the starboard handrail and descended to the deck. He went forward, clutched an anchor davit and leaned over the *Ivor's* bow. He jerked his head back. The man who came up the anchor-chain, hand over hand from the sucking sea, was not the skipper of the wrecker *Ivor*. He was a total stranger to Mike Monkey. The engineer thrust out an unshaven chin, doubled up a pair of grimy fists, and waited until the swimmer was upon the deck.

"Wot brought ye here?" he rasped like a file on the edge of a boiler-plate.

"I escaped," said the stranger. "This wrist happens to have a handcuff on it. Rather stupid thing to bring with me."

**M**IKE Monkey gulped his chew whole. He pursed his lips, stared at the dangling chain and gave a sharp glance upward at the dripping fugitive. The man was tall, slender and keen-faced. Youth twinkled from his eyes. Youth was on his smooth cheeks.

"Wot did ye do?" asked the engineer.

"Got away! I suppose they're still looking for me. Do you mind if I rest here a minute? I want to swim over to the Brooklyn side."

"Swim—to—Brooklyn? Why, lad, it can't be done with th' tide runnin'!"

"I've got to do it, sir. It's that or a ten-year stretch—for me."

"I'd better hoist th' police flag."

"Useless. I'm only resting a minute. It's hard to swim with this cuff on."

"Did ye murder somebody?"

"Hardly—though I knocked a policeman out."

Mike Monkey stared in the direction of Brooklyn. The mist hid the waterfront lights. He turned and eyed the young man.

"Ye are English?" he asked.

"A St. Paul pigeon. Cambridge, afterward. An electrician. I guess I'll say good-bye. Don't tell anybody I stopped a minute with you."

"Where are your people frae?"

"Tyneside and Edinburgh."

"Tyneside?"

"Yes."

"Ye speak nae dia.ect."

The young man smiled ingeniously.

"Thomas Ray, of Lochenheath, could tell you who I am. But it doesn't matter. I must be going."

"Wait!"

Mike Monkey closed one eye craftily. He studied the young man, surveyed the bay with a generous expression, and said:

"Nae lad frae Tyneside or Lochenheath swims to Brooklyn frae this ship. I recall a verra sharp file I left on th' top o' th' second intermediate, which is next th' low-pressure cylinder, doon below. Turn th' other way when ye tak' th' ladder. I saw nothin' o' ye. Drop th' handcuffs through a hand-hole to th' bilge. They'll n'er be found. Pile into a spare bunk, which ye will find aft th' ditty box o' a cabin where I sleep."

"The police boat might come out."

"I'll tend to that."

"It's damn white of you. I do need that file."

"Pile in the bunk, lad. Cover up. Yon's th' skipper comin' noo. I'll tell him when we get out to sea that ye are a stoker. That ye cam an' I signed ye on. Yes, ye cam."

The young man wound the handcuff chain on his left wrist, thrust out his right hand, and gripped Mike Monkey's greasy fingers.

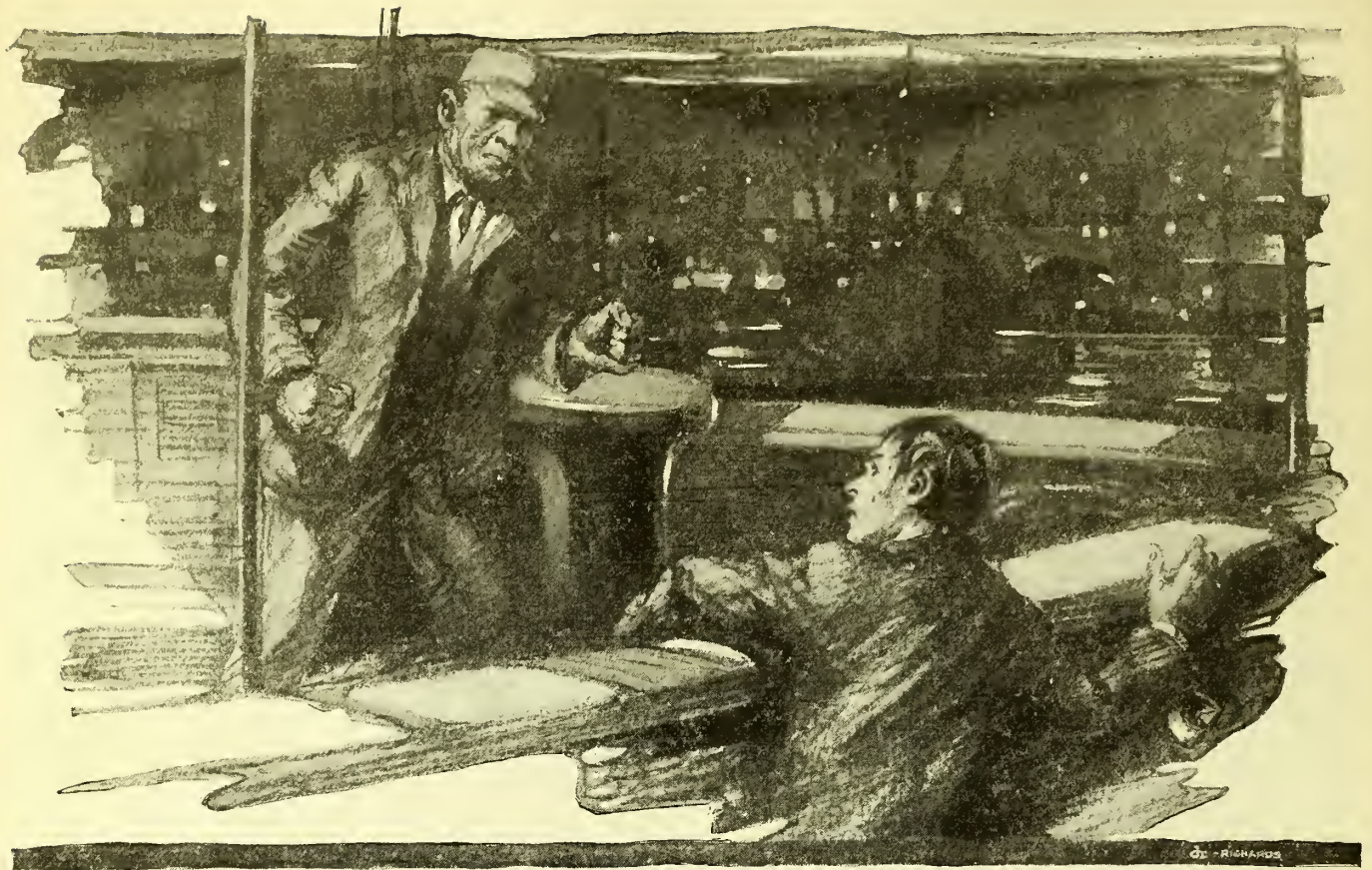
"How far are you going out?" he asked.

"Yon's th' skipper. Perhaps to Martha's Vineyard. Perhaps beyond th' Great Banks. Ye ne'er can tell."

"It's damn white—"

Mike Monkey pushed the youth toward the engine-room companion. He climbed to the bridge, resumed his pacing from starboard to port, and pretended to be unconcerned.





A DINGY Whitehall boat—a taxi of the sea—came gliding up to a bos'n's ladder which dangled from the *Ivor's* port waist. A grizzled seaman jerked in the oars. A figure leaped the distance between boat and ladder.

Micky McMasters spun the boatman a dollar and mounted the bridge where stood Mike Monkey.

"Stir your stumps!" ordered the Cockney captain of the *Ivor*. "Drop below an' roust hout your stoke'old crew. We're leavin' in 'arf an' 'our!"

Mike Monkey rubbed a lump in his scrawny throat. He thought of the fugitive who had come aboard. The youth had had time to file the handcuff off, turn into the bunk, and cover up.

"Wot happened ashore?" he asked with double meaning.

"What 'appened? Why blime—we get th' salvage contrack! Ten days option on th' wreck of th' *Allie*. Old McGovern an' I 'ave been dinin' in state. We met th' consul at th' Ritz. 'E gave hus ten days—from noon to noon—to recover th' platinum."

"Platinum?"

"One hundred puns o' it in th' purser's safe. It's down thirty-five fathoms—maybe a little more."

"One hundred puns isn't much."

Micky McMaster bristled aggressively. "Below with you!" he shouted. "Get steam on this 'ocker. You 'ave some now?"

"I can kick th' engines over slightly."

"Burst your boilers. Build your fires. Wake hup th' mate. Edge pressure on th' winch. We'll walk out of th' bay. I 'ave all th' necessary papers."

Micky McMasters thumped his cask-like breast.

*The man who came up the anchor chain and over the side was a total stranger to Mike Monkey.*

The first engineer left the bridge, descended to the deck, passed along the well-holystoned planks, and dropped through the grating to the plates of the engine-room. He galvanized into action. The sounds that came up to the *Ivor's* bridge were satisfying in the extreme. Shovels grated. Doors clanged. Steam plumed from the pipe aft of the tug's squat funnel.

Red Lanyard, the mate, emerged from the galley followed by a trio of divers. The crew swarmed from the foc's'l. Rusty bites at the anchor chain, a clicking sound from a pawl and short-bitten orders marked the passing of the *Ivor*.

She swung her blunt bow toward the Narrows and started clamping down the bay. A police boat hailed her from Quarantine. Micky, busy with his instructions, did not notice this interruption. The mist was thick. He picked up his buoys, swung into the channel, and suddenly saw the light of Sandy Hook winking at him.

Dawn, ashen-gray and threatening, found the *Ivor* well out from soundings. She rocked and pitched in the swell of toppling whitecaps. She churned on, holding a course for Nantucket. Her derrick masts, her sampson-posts, and the well-chosen rigging on her deck spoke of efficiency. Her crew—six seamen forward, three divers, three pump-hands, four stokers, a radio man, a cook and two engineers—had gone down to sea with Micky McMasters before. The hundred pounds of platinum they expected to salvage from the wreck of the *Allie*

would bring a comfortable bonus to every man aboard. Platinum, according to the latest quotation, found in a newspaper, was worth thirty times more than gold.

IT WAS noon, with a hidden sun, when Mike Monkey emerged from the engine-room companion, squinted at the slaty sky, spat the juice from a borrowed chew overside, and mounted to the side of the Cockney skipper who had remained on deck through three watches.

"How ye headin', skipper?" he asked.

"I'll 'ead you! Three times I've called for more steam hon th' henginees. We're crawlin' over th' face o' th' waters."

Mike Monkey shifted his borrowed chew.

"I hae nae doot," he suggested, "ye are impatient. Wot wi' a ten-day option on th' platinum, a hungry crew an' boilers wot eat coal, ye'll hae to make guid this time or hide yer face frae men."

The Cockney skipper leaped from the planks of the bridge. He thrust a broken fist beneath the first engineer's chin.

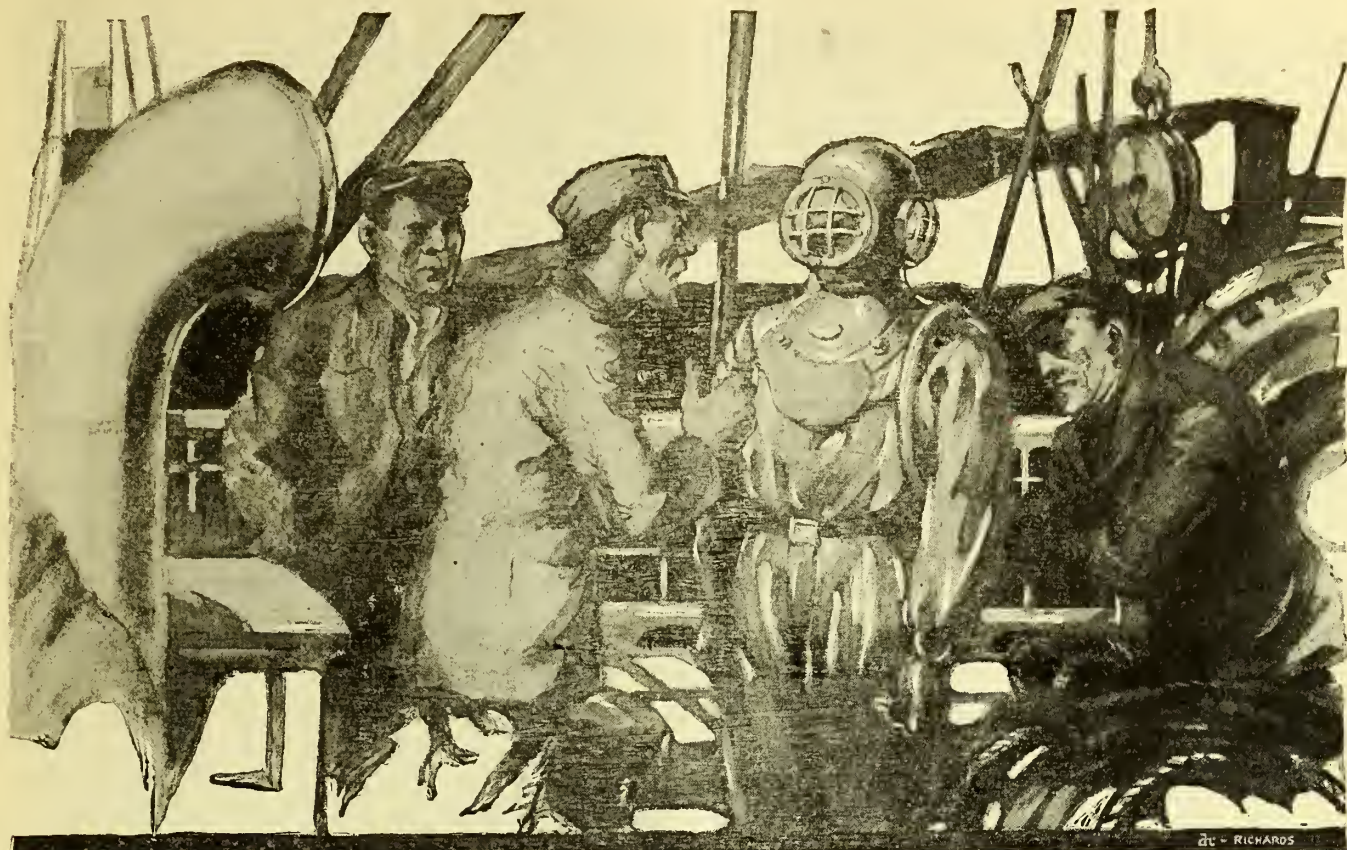
"Get below!" he roared. "Hit's th' bloody likes o' you an' your ilk that is 'oldin' hus back. I expected to anchor over th' wreck o' th' *Allie* by sundown. It'll be two bells before we reach th' spot."

"Tube-sheet an' tubes are caked with scale, skipper. Th' last slag auld McGovern sent out came frae th' scrapin's o' a Japanese tramp ship. Besides, ye were testin' th' pumps all th' mornin' watch. That takes steam."

"Th' divers were makin' ready. You hunderstand we 'ave only ten days—nine now—to salvage th' platinum."

"Looks like a blow," said Mike Monkey unfeelingly. "Yon's th' signs, skipper."





Little puffy clouds no larger than your hand."

Micky sighed. The engineer's prediction was likely to be fulfilled. Signs of wind showed beneath the gray slate. The white caps were higher. The *Ivor* labored in a cross current. Her single, slow-speed screw lashed the water astern. A lipping sea combed over the low starboard rail. It hissed along the scuppers.

"You 'ave bairns in Tyneside," said Micky. I 'ave a missus at Great Grimsby. We must pull together on this job. I calculate it will take two 'ours for the divers to make a descent. McGovern told me th' current an' depth was a frightful proposition."

"Thirty-five fathoms?"

"There or thereabouts. A five-mile current. You recall th' wreck o' th' *Southern Prince* an' th' tides what we faced between th' Eddystone an' th' Lizard? This is th' same—only more so."

"I got my share—seventeen hundred pounds—frae th' *Prince*. I put that money in a hame on th' Tyne."

"Mine went in th' pub 'ouses," confessed Micky. "This time I'll send it to th' missus. I'm blime anxious to make good—for 'er sake."

THE engineer fluttered his lashes toward the engine-room companion. He crossed the bridge. He came back to the skipper's side.

"While ye were ashore, dinin' at th' Ritz in state," he said, "I signed on another stoker. A likely lad."

"Ow did 'e come out?"

Mike Monkey hesitated. There was little use in lying to Micky. The skipper, beneath his crusted exterior, had a heart as big as a boiler. He would have most

**Micky McMasters gave the order to belt and bolt and strap Ray into the master diver's suit.**

certainly aided and abetted an English fugitive from justice. The necessity for answering the question passed when the mate swung up to the bridge and drawled:

"We're heading right into a wind, skipper. The glass shows very low. It's been going down for two hours. The last ship we passed—a coaster—had a storm flag flying. The radio man says the air is full of warning messages. Better let me stand the watch, and ye snatch some sleep. Ye'll be needed, 'long about sundown."

Micky McMasters rubbed the stubble on his chin. He ranged a glance over the restless ocean. He covered his mouth with his broken fingers and yawned.

"Call me at eight bells," he said. "Keep th' course at 83, true. I'm turnin' in against my judgment."

From Red Lanyard, the Yankee mate, Mike Monkey gleaned a few parcels of information concerning the method to be pursued in diving for the treasure aboard the sunken *Allie*.

"I guess the old man knows his business," drawled the first officer. "Like as not he's told you that the platinum is in a locked strong-box beneath the floor of the purser's cabin. The *Allie* was subbed during the last months of the war. She's been down almost a year. Three wrecking firms have tried to get what we're going after."

"He told me next to nothin'. He's a cagey skipper. Wot wi' me a slavin' in a two by four stokehold an' tryin' to drive quadruple expansion engines wi' clinkers an' slag, I hae my hands full.

Wot is th' deeficulty with this wreck? Why did th' others quit?"

"They haven't all quit. That's the trouble. Gringham an' Sons, you know—?"

"I minds them. Mean an' graspin'."

"They have allowed their option to lapse. It will be renewed in ten days—as soon as old Gringham comes from England. Micky an' McGovern jumped in, put up ten thousand in gold, and obtained a ten-day sort of contract. Micky says th' trouble with th' *Allie* is shiftin' sands, rotten construction, currents and tides. The divers employed by Gringham an' Sons reported they couldn't blast th' strong-box on account of the general weak condition of the hold-beams and ribs of the *Allie*. You see she was an old ship."

"I saw her once at Stavanger."

"She's from those ports. Micky says he is going to grapple to th' strong-box, blow apart th' ship, and trust to th' cables an' chains to hold."

"Wot's th' matter wi' openin' th' box?"

"The combination's lost. The depth is all of thirty-three fathoms. A diver can't stay down under that pressure more than fifteen minutes."

"I compute th' pressure to be one hundred an' five pounds per square inch," Mike said after a hasty calculation. "I hae me doots about that platinum."

RED LANYARD studied the sea ahead of the wallowing *Ivor*.

"I don't need the money bad enough to go down," he said. "But Micky does. And I take it you do."

"I could use it. Wot diver we got has been to that fearful pressure?"

(Continued on page 22)



# From Butcher Shop to Private Office

## Doing More Than Duty Put Howard K. Brooks Ahead

By CAROL BIRD

**F**ROM killing pigs to directing a big corporation sounds like an impossible transition in this prosaic old world where fairy wands no longer flourish. But the butcher shop and the office with the mahogany furniture and imported rugs are actual milestones in the business career of Howard K. Brooks, vice-president of the American Express Company.

That a youth, possessing neither money, higher education, nor influence of any kind, and backed solely by his own pluck, enthusiasm, and resourcefulness, can actually reach the top peaks of business success is a fact confirmed by Mr. Brooks' interesting story of his own climb up the unwieldy ladder. This corporation executive, in charge of a world-wide financial business, gives names and dates and places, so that any doubting Thomas, skeptical as to whether a man can actually accomplish what Mr. Brooks did without "pull" from any source, may attempt to check him up in his narrative, if he so chooses.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Brooks was also a newsboy and a "train butcher" in his early working days. Because so many successful business men and financiers like to hark back to the days when they were just "ragged little newsboys," and because so many incredulous ones, hearing them make this assertion, shrug their shoulders, raise their eyebrows, and remark, "That's what they all say," we kept this fact dark for a paragraph or two. We decided to trace the steps in Mr. Brooks' business life in their chronological order.

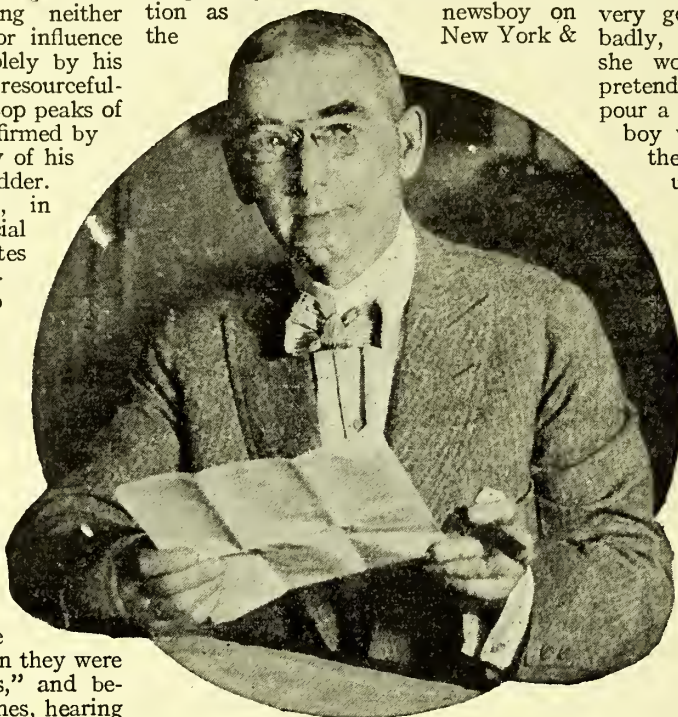
Mr. Brooks today is in an elaborate suite of offices, the outer office with its private secretary, whom you must meet and placate before you are admitted to the inner sanctum, stenographers, office boys and other employees; the inner office with its massive furniture, rich simplicity of furnishings, insistent buzzers.

The vice-president himself sits at a long directors' table, directly in front of his massive roll-top desk, going over a mass of notes and papers and letters and telegrams. He is a small man, with silver-grey hair, youthful complexion and a sense of humor. He is plainly the type of man who grows old gracefully. And he told his story interestingly:

"At the age of twelve I was obliged to assist my parents in the support of a large family. I obtained a position with a butcher, driving a delivery wagon after school hours. Every Saturday I had to go to a slaughter house and assist in the killing of pigs and sheep.

It was hard enough to do that, but when the butcher insisted that I string up the sausage casing, I balked and quit.

"I began to sell newspapers on the streets. At the age of fifteen a boy acquaintance of mine asked me to temporarily fill his position as newsboy on New York &



*Howard K. Brooks, vice-president, American Express Company.*

"Advertise yourself."

"Have as your objective the position next above your own; keep moving upward."

"Take the initiative."

"Show originality; think up ideas which will bring results to the concern which employs you; and don't be afraid to ask for a raise."

"Put pep and enthusiasm into every task you handle, no matter how trivial it may be. Your enthusiasm is bound to attract the attention of someone in authority. It will move you out of the 'cog' class."

Oswego Midland Railway, operating between Norwich, N. Y., and Oswego,

N. Y. I worked as a train newsboy for several years.

"I was a homely little boy, with very bright, red hair, and my face was covered with freckles. It had the appearance of being sprinkled with bran. The trainmen called me "Paddy." Whenever a country lad and his sweetheart came aboard, the trainmen would call my attention to them. If business was not very good, and I needed the money badly, I would ask the country girl if she would have some peanuts, and, pretending I thought she said yes, would pour a cupful in her lap. The farmer boy would usually prefer to pay for them rather than let me scoop them up again.

"This experience in selling helped me later when I became a salesman on the road. It gave me confidence in myself and taught me that it was only necessary to know my business thoroughly to meet with success.

"**A**T the age of seventeen, by studying evenings I improved my general education and writing, and thus qualified for a clerical position. In a year's time I was advanced from office boy to agent of the Coal Department of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway at Utica, N. Y. Then I got the western fever, and one of my schoolboy friends got me a position in Milwaukee in the

local freight depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Within a short time, due to hard work and strict attention to business, I was advanced to the position of assistant cashier. Here I 'stuck,' as the man next in line for promotion seemed to be a fixture. So I decided to try some other line of work.

"One Sunday I wrote letters of application for a position to every large concern in Milwaukee that I could think of, among them the American Express Company. Next day I was requested to call upon the general agent and was employed. My first position was as money clerk.

"Every time there was a change in the office force where the position paid more than I was receiving, I applied for it, and as a rule succeeded in convincing my employers I was the best man for the position.

"Right here I want to offer a word of advice to young men who are earnestly and deservingly striving to better themselves: Do not be afraid to ask for promotion or increase in salary if you feel sure you are deserving of it. It often happens that where there are a large

(Continued on page 30)





Civil War.

West Indies  
Campaign.Spanish  
Campaign.Philippine  
Campaign.China Relief  
Expedition.Cuban  
Pacification.

# The Medals of the U. S. Navy

THE Medal of Honor of the United States Navy was the first decoration created by Congress for any naval or military service and has been the subject of more legislation than any other

Civilian  
Rosette.

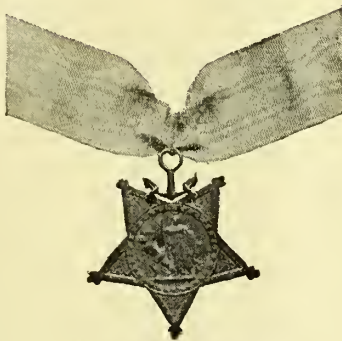
naval honor. One thousand dollars was appropriated by Congress, December 21, 1861, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to cause two hundred medals of honor to be prepared with suitable emblematic devices to be bestowed upon such petty officers, seamen, landsmen and marines as distinguished themselves during the Civil War.

Other acts of Congress dated July 16, 1862, and May 17, 1864, provided that seamen distinguishing themselves in battle or by extraordinary heroism in the line of their profession might be promoted to forward warrant officers or acting master's mates, as best qualified, upon recommendation of their commanding officers, approved by their flag officer and the Navy Department, and upon such promotion receive a gratuity of \$100 and a medal of honor.

The ambiguous wording of the various acts of Congress concerning this naval medal was clarified by a new act, March 3, 1901, stating distinctly that enlisted men of the Navy or Marine Corps all were eligible.

The award of this honor was guarded carefully from 1861 to 1915 and made to noncommissioned officers and enlisted men only, and solely for acts of conspicuous individual bravery. Six hundred and thirty-six men were honored during the period named. Three hundred and sixty-seven were for acts performed during the Civil War, 1861-1865, twelve for the Korean disturbance, seventy-two for the Spanish War, four during service in Samoa in 1899 and six for the Philippine Insurrection, 1899-1903.

Fifty-eight were awarded in the China Relief Expedition of 1900 and fourteen for the Occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914. Eighty-two awards were made for extraordinary heroism on board ship to men in the line of the profession and eighty-three for gallantry in rescuing persons from



Medal of Honor, old type.



Medal of Honor, new type.



Navy Cross.

By

FERRIS POWELL MERRITT

drowning. The records of all the cases indicate, without exception, extreme and desperate courage.

March 3, 1915, Congress, in the Naval appropriation act, made the honor available to commissioned officers of the Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard as there could be no reasonable objection to commissioned officers receiving the medal for acts which would have entitled an enlisted man to similar recognition.

CONGRESS in a new act of February, 1919, authorized the President to present the Medal of Honor only to those persons who, while in the naval service of the United States, shall in action involving actual conflict with an enemy distinguish themselves conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of their lives above and beyond the call of duty and without detriment to the mission of their command.

The five-pointed bronze star medal attached to anchor was used from 1861 to early in 1919 with changes only in the color and design of the ribbon. Distribution of the present medal of solid gold designed by Tiffany for the Secretary of the Navy has not yet been started, nor have any awards been announced for service in the war with Germany.

The gold and silver, first and second class, medals of the United States Treasury Department are so frequently awarded to naval men that it is necessary to include them in any list of navy honors. Certain exceptionally desperate attempts by naval men to save life at sea have been rewarded by the bestowal of the medal of honor as noted, but ordinary cases are generally covered by one of the Treasury Medals. Congress by several acts authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to bestow life-saving medals upon any persons who endangered their own lives in saving, or endeavoring to save, lives from perils of the sea, within the United States, or upon an American vessel.

The award of good-conduct medals has been customary in the Navy since Apri



Haitian Campaign.



Mexico 1911-17.

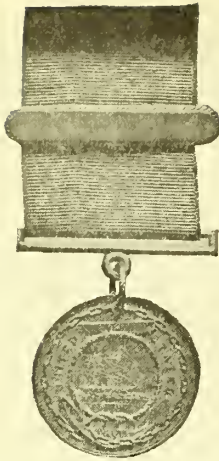
Nicaraguan  
Campaign.

Obverse.





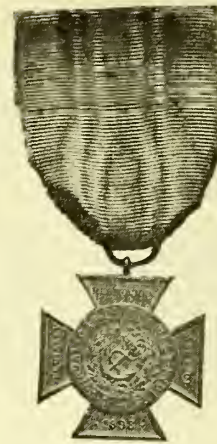
*Dewey or Manila Bay Medal.*



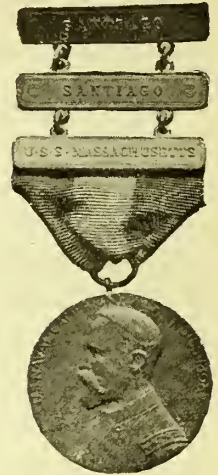
*Good Conduct Medal.*



*Distinguished Service Medal.*



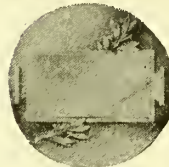
*Meritorious Service, 1898.*



*Sampson West Indies Medal.*



*Obverse.*



*Obverse.*



*Obverse.*

26, 1869. A circular of the Secretary of the Navy published on that date provided that thereafter any man holding a Continuous Service Certificate and who was distinguished for obedience, sobriety and cleanliness and proficient in seamanship and gunnery, should receive upon the expiration of his enlistment a good conduct badge, and after he had received three such badges, under consecutive reenlistments, would if qualified, be enlisted as a petty officer and hold that rating during subsequent continuous re-enlistments and not reduced to a lower rating except by sentence of a court-martial.

Commodore Schley, in 1884, then Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, suggested changes in the manner of its award. New regulations accordingly were published by Secretary of the Navy Chandler, and the medals were then defined as special distinctions for fidelity, zeal and obedience, and not granted for first-term enlistments. They were given at the expiration of subsequent three-year re-enlistments to men who had obtained a general average of four and five-tenths on their conduct records. The first award was a medal and subsequent awards were indicated by clasps on the ribbon naming the vessel on which the service was rendered. The recipient of the awards continued to receive the privilege of re-enlistment as a petty officer.

**SECRETARY TRACY** of the Navy made further changes in 1892 and

ordered that any man serving under a continuous service certificate, recommended for honorable discharge, and distinguished for obedience and sobriety and proficient in the duties of his rating, should receive a good-conduct medal upon the recommendation of his commanding officer. The regulations of 1892 are now in force in the Navy, awarding the medal adopted in 1884.

No increase in pay is allowed holders of good-conduct medals, although many attempts have been made to secure legislation making such provision for the men.

The conspicuous and successful service of the Navy during the war with Spain received full recognition by Congress, and three medals were provided by joint resolutions of the House and Senate—the Dewey Manila Bay Medal, the West Indies Sampson Medal and the Medal for Meritorious Service.

The public resolution approved June 3, 1898, presented a sword of honor to Commodore George Dewey and caused to be struck bronze medals commemorating the victory of Manila Bay for distribution to the officers and men of the ships of the Asiatic Squadron who had served under Commodore Dewey during the battle of May 1, 1898. The

U. S. S. *Olympia*, the *Boston*, *Baltimore*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, *Raleigh* and *McCullough* participated. Eighteen hundred and twenty-five men were granted this medal.

The Sampson-Schley controversy delayed congressional action to honor the West Indies naval campaign until March 3, 1901. A joint resolution was approved on that date directing the Secretary of the Navy to strike bronze medals commemorative of the naval engagements in the waters of the West Indies and on the shores of Cuba during the war with Spain for distribution to the officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps participating in engagements deemed by him of sufficient importance to deserve commemoration.

The resolution also provided that officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps who rendered specially meritorious service otherwise than in battle could be rewarded in like manner. The Secretary of the Navy under these resolutions issued the Sampson medal and the medal for meritorious service.

Sixty-nine vessels participated, and the crew of each ship received the medal for the most important engagement fought and bars for the other engagements.

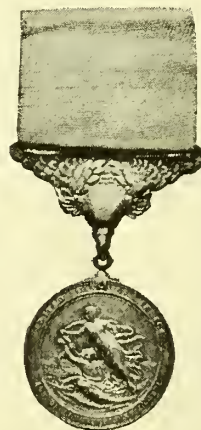
The principal engagements honored were fought at various dates, beginning May 6 off Matanzas harbor and ending (Continued on page 24)



*Old type, silver, second class.*



*Obverse, old type, second class.*



*Present type, first class gold, second class silver.*



*Obverse, first class.*



*Old type, gold, first class.*

*U. S. Treasury Life Saving Medals.*



# BULLETIN BOARD

The city of Washington is full of great men and women and clairvoyants. One of the latter species asserts that she can advise successfully on love, marriage, divorces, law, business, health, and other subjects without number. She can establish your happiness and peace, make up your family quarrels, and break up your enemy's power. The last two tricks seem to have a connection.

"Would dispose of a few war trophies, direct from the fields of France, tuxedo coat and vest," advertises a financially pressed individual. Before purchasing any of this interesting collection one should make sure that the tuxedo coat and vest were the regulation government issue.

The Kaiser has sawed 12,000 logs since he left his Fatherland under a cloud, according to dispatches from Holland. Now, if he began on November 12, 1918, and sawed every day up to the date of publication of this issue of the WEEKLY, he has averaged thirty-one logs a day. We suspect this would be a rather high average even for a man with a clear conscience.

General Ludendorff and General Hindenburg are testifying before the National Assembly in Germany as to their parts in the war. Special police arrangements are made to prevent any possible demonstration by the people against the two former leaders. Somehow it is easier to respect a German who stands by his old pals than the rat that leaves a sinking ship.

A plank fell from a building and knocked out a few teeth belonging to Mike MacGarvey, a construction worker in an army camp. The government has ruled that he is not entitled to any damages on the score of destroyed property. Had the teeth been false, says the decision, he could collect. As it is, he has suffered merely personal injury.

The design of the Victory Medal that will be given veterans has been approved by Secretary Baker. The medal will be of bronze, as big as a silver dollar, with a figure of Victory and the inscription "The Great War For Civilization", on one side, and the names of all the Allies on the other.

Barcelona, Kingston, Sydney, Tokyo, Youngstown, Berlin, Liverpool—no, this is not a gazetteer of the world; it is a fractional beginning of an incomplete list of cities where big strikes are now in progress.

The veterans of New South Wales are putting into practical effect a scheme of "farms for soldiers" that may offer us some hints. Eleven men have cleared and planted in tree nurseries some 180 acres of land. Only one quarter of the cost was taken by the government.

The problem of caring for discharged disabled service men who must be reeducated before they can become self-supporting is being taken up with good results by the Carry On Association of New York City. This organization provides homes for such men at a cost that can be met by their government allowances; in these homes the men find comfort and support until they can hit their stride again. The Association wants to help the men to bridge the period between their discharge and the complete return of their wage-earning abilities.



**Sergeant Jake Alex, Thirty-third Division, was born in Serbia but he was considerable American soldier during the war, winning the Congressional Medal of Honor, French Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre, British Distinguished Medal, Serbian Legion of Honor and Montenegrin Medal of Honor.**

Many books are being published by organizations that took part in the war. Among the latest are these: *History of the 129th Machine Gun Battalion*, by W. W. Webber, Peirce City, Mo.; *Overseas with Jan Aero Squadron*, the story of the Eighty-sixth A. S., by C. F. Piesbergen, Belleville, Ill.; and the *805th Pioneer Infantry Regimental History*, by Major Paul S. Bliss, 1684 Van Buren Street, St. Paul, Minn.

If the Mexican newspapers copy the articles in the American press announcing that the "Cabinet Takes up Mexico," there is legitimate cause for meditating as to what Mexicans will think. "Taking up" Mexico is like picking up a burr with woolen gloves on.

A tube containing \$12,000 worth of radium has been lost down a bathtub drain in a hospital. Just enough for wages for the master plumber that spends fifteen minutes getting it out.

The movement is under way to establish an Army and Navy Club in New York. This is to succeed the Pershing Club and will be composed of officers and former officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. The membership fee for 1920 will be ten dollars. The committee is planning to erect a two million dollar ten-story building near Forty-second Street and hopes to provide the United States with the finest service club in the world. D. W. Banta, 18 Gramercy Park, New York, is secretary of the committee.

On November 18, British, French, and German exchange reached the lowest marks in history, becoming respectively 4.05¼, 9.35, and 2.15. What would happen if they crossed the zero line and traveled out in the other direction?

"Wanted," says a recent advertisement, "young girls for padding in a machine shop." A steadily increasing number of machine shops are using engine waste and old paper for this purpose with satisfactory results.

Another sign has appeared lately in Pennsylvania and is causing interest. A shopkeeper has put out a door mat with the words on it: "If You Buy German Made Goods Don't Wipe Your Feet on this Mat."

Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese steamship company, is about to add 250,000 tons to its shipping, to provide for future international competition. It is said they will devote especial attention to the Tokio-Liverpool run.

One of these new encyclopedias of science says that "Mexico has a 150-foot bridge across a river that is built entirely of mahogany." It seems as though the peons could skid across a river of that sort without using a bridge.

Not to be outdone in patriotism by neighboring competitors, the warden of the jail at Lawrence, Kans., has hung out over his jail the sign, "Welcome Home, Victorious Sons." Truth will out—even out of a jail.

England is doing a pleasant thing in making big oak trees the memorials for those fallen in battle. A brass tablet is fixed to each tree, and the family of the dead soldier takes care of the tree.

A British Tommy had been haled into court, charged with deserting his wife. In defense he claimed that a blood clot on the brain, resulting from a wound, had caused him to forget that he had married. "She took me out one afternoon and married me," he complained to the judge, who, struck possibly by the man's ingenuity, contented himself with ordering the soldier to support his wife hereafter. She doubtless needs it after that.



# Mike Monkey's Bread Returns

(Continued from page 17)

"They all have, but if Micky blasts loose th' strong-box with gelatine, the pressure will be more. The safe will fall through th' wreck to th' bed of th' sea. That's a few fathoms deeper than where it is now."

Mike left the mate and went below. He saw the three divers working over their suits in the engine-room. They were vulcanizing patches, weighing great boots with lead and going over the air-line couplings which were of Tobin bronze.

Nearby was the youth who had swum aboard from Tompkinsville. It was his watch off from stokehold duty. Mike glided around the flashing crankshafts of the engines and whispered:

"I hae an idea, Ray, ye can assist these divers. D'ye know anything aboot tackles and splices—drills an' dynamite?"

"Considerable, sir, about the last."

"Ye done some blastin'?"

The fugitive nodded emphatically. He flashed Mike Monkey an encouraging glance.

"That was my profession, ashore," he said. "There are any number of people who will give me a good recommendation along that line."

The first engineer of the *Ivor* thought of the police. He liked the young man's way of putting things.

"Ye join th' divers," he suggested. "I hae four guid men in th' stokehold. Assist at anything. We are nearin' th' wreck o' th' *Allie*."

Eight bells struck from the belfry on the forepeak of the *Ivor*. Micky McMasters emerged from his cabin, stared at the heaving sea, and went into the radio-house, where a youthful operator handed him three messages.

The first was a general warning sent out notifying all ships that a storm was sweeping down the Atlantic coast. The second message was from McGovern, the owner of the *Ivor*.

"Gringham and Sons," it ran, "have cabled Russian consul offering to buy wreck of *Allie* for fifty thousand . . . offer will be accepted . . . your ten days are our last. I expect results."

Micky folded the tissue between his stumpy fingers. He glanced at the third message. It was a general warning sent by the police of New York to all ships that had left the port within twenty-four hours.

"Charles Ray," it read, "alias Glycerin Jimmy—five feet ten inches tall—gray hair—scar on left wrist—wanted for robbery—first national bank—roselawn—Staten Island—all masters attention—notify R. C. Y. if aboard your ship."

Micky instantly thought of the stoker who had come aboard the *Ivor* while he was in New York. He had noticed the youth standing at the engine-room companion. He hurried to the bridge, squinted at the binnacle through the wheel-house window, glared at the helmsman and turned to Red Lanyard.

"Better get an oil hose forrard!" he snapped. "Clear th' deck of towing-

lines an' bridles. Batten down everything. We'll lay by th' buoy that marks th' wreck, as soon as we reach it."

THE mate gave the necessary orders to the crew. Micky lifted the voice-tube. He called to the engine-room for Mike Monkey.

"On th' bridge, blime quick!" he snapped.

Mike appeared, clad in a dungaree-jacket and greasy overalls. He held a bunch of waste in his hand. His brief inspection of the sea that was tossing the *Ivor* confirmed his worst fears.

"Ye're headed for Davy Jones," he suggested. "Why not make harbor 'till th' worst o' this wicked blow is over?"

"Why not?"

"Ye heard me."

"I've stood enough from you. First th' miserable steam you edged on th' hengines. Then th' noise an' clatter you made below while I was tryin' to sleep. And now you've gone an' turned a respectable God-fearing tug into an hobject of suspicion. Look at that message!"

Mike Monkey dropped the bunch of waste, pulled down his oil-stained cap and reached for the tissue. He squinted at it. Bracing his spindled legs he suggested:

"This radio is to all ships."

"Certainly! All ships that left New York Harbor between then an' now. You took aboard a bank-robber—a murderer! You're 'arborin' 'im against th' law. Bring that man t'me. I'll put 'im in chains myself."

"Ye can use him till we go back. I found a guid place for him. He is an expert wi' high explosives. Ye need such a professional t' blast apart th' *Allie*."

"We'll be murdered in our bunks."

"I'll answer for th' lad. He's frae Tyneside."

"Millbank, you mean. Likely Old Bailey."

"He's a Ray o' Lochenheath. I ken th' clan weel."

"E's a crook. 'E can make you believe 'e's anything."

"I tested th' lad."

Micky McMasters considered the matter. His decision was made for him. A towering sea cascaded upon the *Ivor*. The deck was covered for a fathom or more. A plume lifted, dashed against the bridge, and showered over Mike Monkey and the skipper. They emerged drenched to the skin.

"Get below!" sputtered the Cockney. "Hout o' my sight, with you! You're bad luck!"

"I hae nae doot there's ithers," said Mike Monkey, dragging himself to the rocking starboard ladder. He waded to the engine-room companion and went below. Red Lanyard joined the skipper on the bridge. The Yankee mate was snugly clothed in a yellow sou'wester, a long oilskin coat and sea boots.

"We better lay-to with th' quarter on th' sea," he suggested. "She'll ride easier, that-a-way."

Micky studied the wind's direction for a minute. He spat the brine from his mouth.

"Ring for reduced speed," he shouted through cupped hands. "Blime hif I want to slow, but I got to."

"Hard up, with th' helm!" ordered the mate, addressing the wheelman. "Keep her that way. Do you recommend oil, skipper?"

"Some. She'll roll 'er bloody funnel hout, but she'll take no more seas like th' last one that came aboard."

THE staunch and thoroughly seaworthy *Ivor* lay-to throughout the night. The seas came from aft, glided under the blanket of oil, hissed forward and disappeared in a greenish mist. The fore-deck of the wrecker became dry enough to scratch a match on the planks. Dawn came with Micky McMasters pacing the swaying bridge.

Mike Monkey appeared like a drowned rat. He had been tossed and injured. He limped forward and glared upward at the serene form of the skipper.

"Ye miserable scum!" he exclaimed. "Ye lump o' slag—a-standin' there! D'ye know we've been fightin' death all o' th' night. Two times I thought we'd go doon. She leaks, mon. Th' seams hae started."

"You've got a Jonah with you!" screamed the skipper against the wind. "Th' lad with th' pale face what you took aboard, from the kindness of your 'eart. Mark 'im well!"

Mike Monkey grasped a stay. He rimmed a wild horizon with an anxious glance. No lee shore was to be seen. It was the height of the storm.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"There or thereabouts!" said Micky McMasters. "The *Allie* is over there." The little skipper pointed a bent finger toward the northeast. Mike squinted.

"I hope we join her at th' bottom o' th' sea," he said.

Micky McMasters was weatherwise. He had sailed and steamed over the same course. He decided to edge toward the position of the buoy which marked the *Allie*. The *Ivor's* propeller speed was increased. The wrecker swung across. She took aboard some water. Progress was made toward the position of the buoy. It was sighted by Red Lanyard at night-fall. Beyond the spot where the *Allie* had been sunk showed a far-off headland. Micky McMasters allowed the salvage tug to ride with the anchor down. This brought the *Ivor's* bow into the wind. The deck, through the dark watches, resounded with the hammer blows of towering seas. The water rushed aft and curled over the stern. The engine-room companion was latched tight from inside.

Daylight came with slow graying along  
(Continued on page 32)



# BURSTS and DUDS



"Oh, Clarice, I'm so worried! You know you told me to put that piece of wedding cake under my pillow and I'd dream of my future husband?"

"Yes, dear; didn't it work?"

"That's what worries me. I dreamed of the Seventy-first Regiment."

The visitor at the asylum paused before a lunatic who alternately smote his head with a hammer and smiled beatifically.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"Because," quoted the nut, "it feels so good when I stop."

Among the passengers on the ship was a man who stuttered badly. One day he hurried up to the captain and started: "Th-th-the—"

"I'm very busy now," interrupted the captain. "Tell the mate here."

But the mate was also busy, and the stutterer tried everyone else in sight without success. Finally he came back to the captain.

"Look here, man, sing it! That's the only way," urged the officer.

Whereat the man chanted in a tragic voice:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? The blooming cook fell overboard and is twenty miles behind."

"How about free speech in this country? Isn't speech free?" demanded the bewhiskered agitator.

"Yeh," drawled an American in the crowd: "I'd kind of hate to have to pay anything for yours."

"Oh, mamma, I've been having the best time playing post office today," cried the young hopeful as he came running into the house. "We've been using real letters."

"Real letters? Where did you get them?"

"Why, we found a big bunch in your top drawer, all tied up with pink ribbon, and we gave one to each family in the street."

"How are you affected? Appetite all right?" the medico asked the pale soldier.

"Never better, sir," groaned the doughboy, "the trouble is that everything I eat goes A. W. O. L."

*The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.*

He: "Please let me hold your hand a minute."

She: "All right; but how are you going to know when the minute is up?"

He: "Oh, I'll have to have your second hand for that."

"They say it used to rain a good deal in France," remarked the man who stayed in this country to the man who went to France.

"It did, brother," answered the other. "It rained so much that—well, I never



could see what all the fighting was about anyway. If that had been my country when the Kaiser came down in 1914, I would have handed it over gladly and begged his pardon for the condition it was in."

The lady whose motor car had run down a man called to see the victim in the hospital.

"You know," she said, "you really must have been walking very carelessly. I am a good driver. I've been driving for seven years."

"You got nothing on me, ma'am," retorted the man, "I've been walking for fifty-nine years."

Government stenographers have busy days now. Two fair young typists were talking about their work the other day, and one said, "Isn't it fierce, the amount of work we are getting now?"

"Fierce?" echoed the other; "I should say so. Why, yesterday I typed so many letters for my boss that last night I finished up my prayers with 'yours truly.'"

The girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked her mistress, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied Hubby; "perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."—*London Tit Bits.*



Captain, to buck private sitting in the dentist's waiting room: "What's the trouble? Tooth-ache?"

Private: "Naw, sir."

Captain: "Bridge broken?"

Private: "Naw, sir."

Captain: "Want your teeth cleaned?"

Private: "Naw, sir."

Captain: "Well, what in thunder are you after?"

Private: "Nothing, sir. Somebody told me it was warm in here."

Bystander, to officer with prisoner: "What did he do, sheriff?"

Officer: "Opened the post-office door and walked right in."

Bystander: "But that's nothing to arrest a man for."

Officer: "This guy done it with a jimmy at two in the morning."

A committee, chosen by the company to call on the top kick and explain how bad the army food was, prepared a careful memorandum of grievances, arranged like a lawyer's brief.

The sergeant listened to several points and then interrupted impatiently.

"Why, there's nothing wrong with the food! It's darned good food. I've eaten it for twenty-seven years myself and look at me now."

"That's it, sergeant," replied a fearless buck, "that's our next point."

"Well, son, I'm glad to see you back from the war without a scratch."

"Yes, I stopped scratching when I left the trenches."

A lieutenant was inspecting the tents after taps to see that all the lights were out. Approaching one tent that was between him and the moon he commanded.

"You in tent three, put that light out! Didn't you hear taps?"

"My lights are out," answered a voice from the tent. "It must be that moon."

"I don't care what it is," answered the lieutenant sharply, "put it out!"



She (refused a new hat): "I cook and cook for you and what do I get? Nothing!"

He: "You're lucky. I always get indigestion."—*London Opinion.*



# The Medals of the U. S. Navy

(Continued from page 20)

August 14, 1898, at Caibarien. They included Baracoa, Casilda, Cape Muno, Cabanas, Carbenas, Cienfuegos, Guantanamo, Havana, the Isle of Pines, Mariel, Mananillo, Santiago, San Juan, Porto Rico and Tunas.

THE medal for meritorious service was awarded for the rescue of the crews from the burning Spanish ships that were destroyed on July 3, 1898, off Santiago, Cuba. Naval Constructor Hobson's crew received the award for sinking the *Merrimac* in the channel of Santiago Harbor, as also did Lieutenant Victor Blue for skirting Santiago Harbor and locating the exact position of the Spanish fleet. Cutting submarine cables under fire, other deeds of like character and conspicuous individual services generally were recognized and rewarded by bestowal of this honor.

The general service medals of the Navy, officially known as campaign badges, originally were issued under executive authority of President Roosevelt. Congressional action, however, soon followed the President's orders appropriating certain moneys for badges and ribbons to be distributed by the Secretary of the Navy to officers and men who participate in engagements and campaigns deemed worthy of such commendation.

The badges all are numbered serially and a record kept at the Bureau of Navigation showing the name, rate, vessel and for what service each badge was issued. They are all of bronze in uniform size suspended from distinctive ribbons.

The first of the badges is for the Civil War, given to officers and enlisted men of the Navy who served between April 15, 1861, and April 9, 1865. The ribbon for this medal is of equal stripes of blue and gray for all services, representing the opposed armies.

The Spanish War badge was issued to the personnel of one hundred and thirty-eight vessels that had served in Cuban, Porto Rican and Philippine waters and to certain personnel on duty at Key West, Florida and at Cavite, Philippine Islands. Another medal, known as the West Indies campaign badge, was issued, covering some phases of this campaign.

The crews of sixty-five vessels shared in the general award of the Philippine Campaign badge for various periods of service in Philippine waters from 1899 to 1904. A large number of men who received this badge earned it serving on captured Spanish ships. Land forces of the Navy at Cavite, Olangopo, Pollok and Isabella de Basilian also shared in the award.

The U. S. S. *Brooklyn*, the *Buffalo*, *Iris*, *Monocacy*, *Nashville*, *New Orleans*, *Newark*, *Solace*, *Wheeling*, *Yorktown* and *Zahro* formed the squadron of American vessels serving in Chinese waters during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, and the officers and men received the China Campaign badge covering that expedition for various periods of duty from April 5, 1900, to May 27, 1901.

The Secretary of the Navy, since the Spanish War period, has designated four campaigns to be commemorated by badges—the Cuban Pacification, Haitian Campaign, Mexican Expedition and the campaign in Nicaragua.

THE official period of Cuban pacification extended from October 6, 1906, to April 1, 1909. Generally, the Navy, except Marines, did not participate to any extent in this operation. Certain officers and enlisted men of the Hospital Corps who served with the Marines were the only naval units to receive the award granted August 13, 1909, by direction of Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The revolution in Nicaragua in 1912 threatened disruption of the republic and destruction of property. A force of marines and sailors were landed under command of Rear Admiral Southerland and immediately afflicted defeat upon the revolutionists, established order, and restored the legal government. The landing parties from the U. S. S. *California*, the *Colorado*, *Denver*, *Annapolis*, *Cleveland* and *Glacier*, who served ashore between August 28 and November 2, 1912, received the badges commemorating this service.

The continuous revolution in Haiti reached such a point in 1915 that it became necessary for the United States to intervene to preserve order and protect public interests. A brigade of marines supported by a squadron of cruisers and gunboats effected the desired results in a campaign extending from July 9 to December 6, 1915. Those who took part in the actual fighting and campaign against the outlaws were awarded the Haitian Campaign badge. The Navy Department has not yet announced whether the permanent force remaining in Haiti is to be awarded similarly or not.

The various affairs of revolution, counter-revolution and banditry in Mexico from 1911 to 1917 caused the dispatch of American naval patrols to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts at various times, also the operations at Vera Cruz in 1914. Commemorative of this service the Mexican badge was issued to the officers and men who participated at any period. The names of the various vessels and lists of landing parties never have been published by the Navy Department.

The Distinguished Service Medal, by the terms of law, is to be presented by the President, but not in the name of Congress, to anyone in the naval service who since April 6, 1917, or thereafter, distinguishes himself by exceptionally meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility. The medal may also be presented to our allies under the same circumstances. Awards of this honor for the war with Germany have not yet been announced by the Navy Department.

The law authorizes the President to present the Navy Cross, but not in the

name of Congress, to anyone in the naval service who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or who shall thereafter distinguish himself by extraordinary heroism or by distinguished service in the line of his profession, in cases where such heroism or distinguished service is not of a character to justify the award of the medal of honor or the distinguished service medal.

THE medal to commemorate the war with Germany, to be known as the Victory Medal among the Allies, for the Navy will be generally similar to the army medal. The rainbow ribbon and the actual medal is exactly like the army issue and will be furnished the Bureau of Navigation by the War Department. Distinctive and different clasps representing various services rendered during the war will be added by the Navy for award with the medal according to the record of the individual. The Victory Button in silver for the wounded, and bronze for all others, represents the medal for the Navy when worn on civilian clothing the same as in other services. Regulations governing the award will be announced by the Navy Department when the medals are ready for distribution.

The badges and medals of the Navy are worn on occasions of ceremony as prescribed by the "Regulations Governing Uniforms." A section of the ribbon, five-sixteenths inch long and of the full width, may be worn upon occasions when medals and badges may not be worn, in a horizontal line in the position prescribed for badges, either sewn or pinned on, provided no part of the bar or pin be visible.

The following order of precedence prevails, worn on the left breast in order from the center of the body toward the left shoulder, except the medal of honor, worn pendent from the neck: The Distinguished Service Medal, Navy Cross, Dewey Medal, Sampson Medal, Meritorious Service, Civil War, Spanish or West Indies Campaign Badge, Philippine Campaign, China Relief, Gold Life Saving, Silver Life Saving, Cuban Pacification, Mexican, Nicaraguan, Haiti, Victory Medal and Good Conduct Medal. Marksman badges awarded in the Navy and by the National Rifle Association follow in their own distinctive order on a separate line in the same position one-fourth inch below the first line.

The laws creating the new medal of honor, the distinguished service medal and the navy cross provide for two dollars monthly extra pay from the date of the act performed for all enlisted men obtaining either honor.

Men honorably discharged from the Navy entitled by their service to medals or badges may obtain them by making application to the Navy Department stating the full details as to dates and places of their service. Those men in the service should make the application and statement through the ordinary military channels.



# WHAT THE LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

Hawaii has an active and earnest post of the Legion. Believing in the translation of thoughts into action, this post has come out for simon-pure Americanism throughout the islands, demanding the suppression of foreign language schools, and favoring universal military service, increased pay for the Army and Navy, a genuine development of the Officers Reserve Corps, and a firmer policy toward Mexico. Under Chairman Leonard Withington the members are actively going after the realization of these propositions.



***There'll be no German opera played by the Marshall, Minn., Municipal Band. Almost every member of it belongs to The American Legion.***

The Treasury Department has ruled that entertainments given by or for the benefit of the Legion are taxable under the Revenue Act of 1918. This act exempts from taxation only entertainments given by such organizations as are religious, charitable, or educational, or entertainments whose proceeds inure exclusively to the benefit of persons in the military or naval forces of the United States. Since the Legion members are no longer in the military or naval service, and since the Legion is neither charitable, religious, nor educational, Legion entertainments are taxable at the regular rate of one per cent for each ten cents or fraction thereof of the proceeds.

A coat of new yellow paint was given the office of an editor of a paper in Cass County, Minn., by members of the posts of the neighborhood recently. The editor laughed at the record of the A. E. F. in the war, and the men didn't appreciate it.

In the matter of increases in post memberships, Easton (Pa.) Post No. 9 has a claim to make for the record increase. In the drive they added 825 men to their first membership of 200, making a growth of 425 per cent. The claim certainly has some justification. This post, with 1,100 members now, also believes it is the largest post in Pennsylvania. How about it?

The *Milwaukee Journal* has started a regular department of Legion news.

Former Chaplain William R. Hughes, of the 148th Infantry, Thirty-seventh Division, has been elected mayor of Miamisburg, Ohio. He was chairman and organizer of Post No. 165 of the Legion.

'Tenshun, posts with basket-ball teams! Englewood Post No. 78, New Jersey, has a team that issues a challenge to any and all teams of 135 pounds weight. Teams in that section of the country will find

trouble if they go looking for it through Luther J. Higginson, manager, 47 Prospect St., Englewood, N. J.

The following telegram has been received by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY:

CENTRALIA, WASH.

Four of our comrades have been murdered by the I. W. W. Grant Hodge Post No. 17 demands immediate action by every American Legion post for Congressional action on un-American individuals and organizations and for a national publicity campaign to carry on Americanism. Line up your local posts and state organizations of the Legion. Congress convenes December 1. Americanism must be the big issue. A publicity campaign carried on by every post for the next ten days will win our battle. Act today! Get this to every press in your state and before every post for immediate action. A copy of this telegram goes to every state secretary and to National Headquarters of The American Legion.

GRANT HODGE POST NO. 17.

Minnesota's big post is the David Wisted Post at Duluth. Its 2,500 members have organized a fifty-piece band which delegates to the National Convention heard and saw at the head of the big parade. The post publishes a bi-monthly bulletin for each member in connection with the bi-monthly meetings. A recent dance cleared more than \$800 for the post's treasury.

Champaign Post No. 70, Creston, Ia., has appointed a secretary to look after all allotment, travel pay, bonus, and insurance difficulties of veterans. To avoid the expense of employing a regular stenographer, one of the members pays his own stenographer a little extra for overtime, and she handles all the clerical end of the work. Two hundred men have been helped thus, and each time a man was helped it meant a new member for the post.

Support of Legion members in Hamilton, Md., has been pledged to the Police Department by Jeffrey Quante Post No. 20, in view of the meetings of revolutionary elements in Hamilton.

Starting last spring with a membership under fifty, Roanoke (Va.) Post has now 800 enrolled members. "A thousand by Christmas" is the slogan of the campaigners.

Is it worth while to organize posts of the Legion in the universities and colleges? Despite the fact that such posts can last only three or four years at most, veterans in the University of Oklahoma have decided that they cannot afford to be out of touch with the Legion for that length of time. They have formed University Post No. 52, with 300 members, and believe it is the first post of that nature to appear. When they graduate from the university they will find it easier, they think, to transfer to their home posts than they would find it to start in at the beginning if they had had no university post.

Grey Eagle, Minn., had a homecoming celebration on Armistice Day and the town turned over to the Legion the proceeds of the event, amounting to \$150. Practically all the ex-service men in the community have joined Clarence F. Barry Post No. 203 in that town.

Starkville Post No. 31, Colorado, is composed entirely of miners. On Armistice Day they marched in a body to the neighboring town of Trinidad, where they saw to it that all shops were closed and that everyone turned out for a celebration, which, the correspondent asserts, was "one of the greatest events in the history of the world."

Quentin Roosevelt Post in the Bronx, New York, has changed its name to the David Wilson Ethan Allen Post. This action was taken because service men of Oyster Bay wanted to name their post Quentin Roosevelt, and the Bronx men felt that the post in Colonel Roosevelt's home town had a prior claim to the name.

The Gilbert S. Furness Post of Mandan, N. D., has nearly \$1,000 in its treasury, raised by a series of dances given during the past two months. Therefore it is perhaps natural that the post announces that the dances will be continued throughout the winter. Mandan is a town of only 5,000 people, while the post has only 140 members. Yet one dance brought in \$200.



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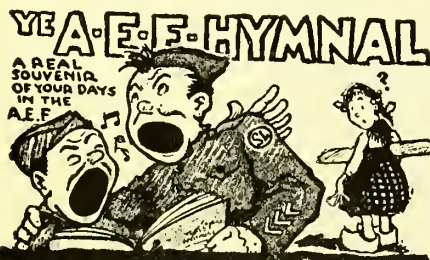


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All the real old Doughboy songs not found in print—such as "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous," "The Battle of Paris," "Bon Soir, Ma'mselle," etc. Not only the words and music, but profuse cartoon illustrations by the man who did "How We Won The War"—the famous Y. M. C. A. Cartoon Book.  
"Ye A. E. F. Hymnal" sold out three editions in France after three-quarters of the A. E. F. had sailed for home. If you didn't get one over there, you can now. Send 75 cents, stamps or coin to  
**Henry Mayers, 1410 Avenue H, Brooklyn, N. Y.**  
The book contains seventeen songs in all—in 9 x 12 inches, bound with a strong cover in two colors. A handsome, lasting souvenir.

# Constitution of the American Legion

## PREAMBLE

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

## ARTICLE I.—Name

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be THE AMERICAN LEGION.

## ARTICLE II.—Nature.

SECTION 1.—THE AMERICAN LEGION is a civilian organization; membership therein does not affect or increase liability for military or police service. Rank does not exist in the Legion; no member shall be addressed by his military or naval title in any convention or meeting of the Legion.

SECTION 2.—THE AMERICAN LEGION shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles nor for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment. No candidate for or incumbent of a salaried elective public office shall hold any office in THE AMERICAN LEGION or in any department or post thereof.

SECTION 3.—Each member shall perform his full duty as a citizen according to his own conscience and understanding.

## ARTICLE III.—Organization

SECTION 1.—THE AMERICAN LEGION shall be organized in departments and these in turn in posts. There shall be one department in each state, in the District of Columbia, and in each territory of the United States. The National Executive Committee may establish additional departments in territorial possessions of the United States and in foreign countries.

## ARTICLE IV.—Eligibility

SECTION 1.—Any person shall be eligible for membership in THE AMERICAN LEGION who was regularly enlisted, drafted, inducted or commissioned, and who served on active duty in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States at some time during the period between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, or who, being a citizen of the United States, at the time of his entry therein, served on active duty in the naval, military or air forces of any of the governments associated with the United States during the great war; *Provided*, that no person shall be

entitled to membership (a) who, being in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States during said period, refused on conscientious, political, or other grounds to subject himself to military discipline or unqualified service, or (b) who, being in such service, was separated therefrom under circumstances amounting to dishonorable discharge and has not subsequently been officially restored to an honorable status.

SECTION 2.—There shall be no form or class of membership except an active membership as herein above provided.

## ARTICLE V

SECTION 1.—The legislative body of the Legion shall be the National Convention to be held annually at a time and place to be fixed by the preceding National Convention.

SECTION 2.—In the National Convention each department shall be entitled to five delegates and one additional delegate for each thousand members whose current dues have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said convention, and to one alternate for each delegate. The delegates shall be chosen at department conventions to be held not less than two weeks before the National Convention.

SECTION 3.—Each delegate shall be entitled to one vote. The vote of any delegate absent and not represented by an alternate shall be cast by the majority of the delegates present from his department. Alternates shall have all the privileges of delegates except that of voting.

SECTION 4.—A quorum shall exist at a National Convention when sixty per cent of the departments are represented as provided above.

## ARTICLE VI.—National Officers

SECTION 1.—The National Convention shall elect a National Commander and five National Vice-Commanders. No two Vice-Commanders shall be chosen from the same department, and no more than three from those who served in the Army. These officers shall be members of the National Convention and of the National Executive Committee, and the Chairman and Vice-Chairmen respectively of both bodies. A Vice-Commander shall, on request of the National Commander, act as chairman of either of said bodies.

SECTION 2.—The National Convention shall also elect a National Chaplain.

SECTION 3.—Such officers shall serve until the adjournment of the succeeding National Convention and, thereafter, until their successors are chosen. Vacancies in these offices occurring between national conventions shall be filled by the National Executive Committee.

SECTION 4.—The National Commander shall appoint a National Adjutant. The Executive Committee shall appoint a National Treasurer and such officials and standing committees as may be necessary and shall authorize or approve all expen-



ditures. All appointed officers shall hold office at the pleasure of the appointing power, and all persons having the custody of funds shall give adequate bonds.

#### ARTICLE VII.—National Executive Committee

SECTION 1.—Between National Conventions, the administrative power shall be invested in the National Executive Committee which shall be composed of the National Commander and Vice-Commanders in office, and of one representative and one alternate from each department to be elected as such department shall determine; provided that in 1919 the delegates to the National Convention shall elect the Executive Committeeman and alternate from their respective departments.

SECTION 2.—The Executive Committee shall meet at the place of the National Convention within twenty-four hours after the final adjournment of the National Convention, and thereafter at the call of the National Commander. The National Commander shall call a meeting upon the written request of fifteen or more members of said Executive Committee.

SECTION 3.—Seven members shall constitute a quorum of the Executive Committee.

#### ARTICLE VIII.—Department Organization

SECTION 1.—Departments shall be chartered by the National Executive Committee and shall be composed of the posts within their respective areas. Each department charter shall be signed by the National Commander and National Adjutant.

SECTION 2.—Each department shall have a department commander, a department adjutant, a department executive committee and such other officers as the department shall determine.

#### ARTICLE IX

SECTION 1.—Those who desire to form a post shall make application for a charter to the commander of the department in which they reside. The charter shall be issued by the National Commander and National Adjutant upon receipt of the application properly executed by the charter members of the projected post, but only when such application is approved by the commander of the department, or by the Department Executive Committee. Post charters shall be countersigned by the commander and the adjutant of the department.

SECTION 2.—The minimum membership of a post shall be determined by the Executive Committee of the department in whose area it lies.

SECTION 3.—Each department may prescribe the constitution of its posts. Post charters may be revoked by the Department Executive Committee with the approval of the National Executive Committee.

SECTION 4.—No post shall be named after any living person.

#### ARTICLE X.—Finance

SECTION 1.—The revenue of THE AMERICAN LEGION shall be derived from annual membership dues and from such other

sources as may be approved by the National Executive Committee.

SECTION 2.—The amount of such annual dues shall be determined by each National Convention for the ensuing year.

SECTION 3.—The annual dues shall be collected by each post and transmitted through the department to the national treasurer.

#### ARTICLE XI.—Discipline

SECTION 1.—The National Executive Committee, after notice and a hearing, may suspend or revoke the charter of a department which violates this Constitution or which fails adequately to discipline any of its posts for any such violation, and may provide for the government and administration of such department during such suspension or upon such revocation.

#### ARTICLE XII.—Change of Residence

SECTION 1.—Any member in good standing in a post removing from his department shall be entitled to a certificate from his post stating his membership and the duration thereof.

#### ARTICLE XIII.—Auxiliaries

SECTION 1.—THE AMERICAN LEGION recognizes an auxiliary organization to be known as the "Women's Auxiliary of The American Legion."

SECTION 2.—Membership in the auxiliary shall be limited to the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the members of THE AMERICAN LEGION, and to the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of all men and women who were in the military or naval service of the United States between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and died in line of duty or after honorable discharge and prior to November 11, 1920.

SECTION 3.—The auxiliary shall be governed in each department of THE AMERICAN LEGION by such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the National Executive Committee and thereafter approved by such department of THE AMERICAN LEGION.

#### ARTICLE XIV.—Ratification

SECTION 1.—All acts performed and charters heretofore granted by the temporary organization of THE AMERICAN LEGION are hereby ratified and confirmed.

#### ARTICLE XV.—Amendments

SECTION 1.—This Constitution may be amended at any National Convention by the vote of two-thirds of the total authorized representation thereat, provided that the proposed amendment shall have been read at such convention at least twenty-four hours before the vote thereon.

#### NATIONAL INCORPORATION

This Constitution is adopted conformable to the Act of the Congress of the United States of America of date September 16, 1919.

Garrett Cochran Post No. 1, Williamsport, Pa., is working to build a \$50,000 club house. Half that sum has already been pledged by the citizens of Williamsport. A neatly printed "bond" is given for each dollar subscribed.



## "At Last—a Real Job and Real Money!"

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago. I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up that I. C. S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on studying and I've been climbing ever since."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Rys. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring            | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work             | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman       | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice      | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker                  | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating       | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER             | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping      | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENG'N      | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer            | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman             | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                  | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder     | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman    | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder           | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer        | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING and HEATING       | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker         | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Insp.  | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                    | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                 | <input type="checkbox"/> French                  |
|                                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Penitry Raising         |
|                                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian                 |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Present \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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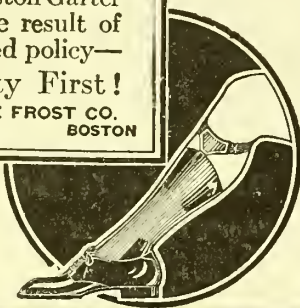
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## FIND YOUR BUDDY

ROBERT ROY BROWN, Company A, 137th Infantry, Thirty-fifth Division, was



Robert Roy Brown

reported slightly wounded October 2, 1918, later reported killed September 28, 1918. He was last seen when he set out with William Dean to get water for his brother, Hebert Brown, who was wounded. Dean's parents also have failed to hear anything further from him. Information should be sent to Mrs. Wesley S. Brown, Route 3, Kingman, Kans.

WILLIAM H. WALKER has been reported killed, wounded and missing in action. He was with Company F, 309th Infantry. Conflicting reports lead relatives to believe he may still be alive. Information concerning Walker and names and addresses of officers of his company are sought by the soldier's father, William H. Walker, 175 Van Buren Street, Passaic, N. J.

MISSING: Private Frank Osborne Moore trained at Camp Dix, New Jersey, and Camp Lee, Virginia, and went overseas June 21, 1918, with the Thirty-seventh Division. He was in Company I, 147th Infantry. His serial number was 1749231. No word has been heard of him since he was reported slightly wounded September 29, 1918. His father's address is George Farnham Moore, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 80 C, Somersworth, N. H.

MISSING: George Ernest Fox, negro, whose last known address was Troop F, Ninth Cavalry, Statensburg, P. I., cannot be located by his mother, Mrs. Mary Francis Morgan, 1524 Easton Street, Alton, Ill., and she would appreciate any information regarding him.

MELVIN SPRIGS.—Will Lawrence Hastings and other buddies of Company C, 108th Infantry, Field Signal Battalion, are requested to write to Fred M. Blair, McKesson, Mich., and Paul W. Haynie, Missouri Valley, Iowa.

NELS ANDERSON, saddler of the Ordnance Department, 134th Infantry. Information concerning the whereabouts of Anderson is desired by Adjutant General's Office, Lincoln, Nebr.

MISSING: Corporal Eddie Herman, Company D, Fifty-eighth Infantry, has not been heard from since the report that he was wounded in the right shoulder August 6, 1918. Information is requested by his sister, Miss Clara Herman, Wahpeton, North Dakota.

MANUEL N. LOPES, Company B, Eighteenth Infantry, was reported miss-

ing in action July 1918. That was the last his father and mother, with whom he lived at 7 Freeman St., Provincetown, Mass., heard of him. Recently a friend of the family declares he saw Lopes enter a New York theater accompanied by a woman. The friend waited until they came out, after trying in vain to get a policeman to help him, but the woman rushed the man into a taxicab and rushed him away. The policeman said he wouldn't act, for the friend was not a relative. The friend believes Lopes is suffering from aphasia or some nervous disease, for he did not answer when addressed by his name. Information is sought by the man's parents.



Manuel N. Lopes

Diogenes, We Nominate Mr. Wallace

## Diogenes, We Nominate Mr. Wallace

A chemist named Wilson "who was sent to Willoughby" may obtain the five dollars he lent William G. Wallace, former sergeant in the Chemical Warfare Service at Cleveland, Ohio, by writing to Wallace at Norfolk, Neb., according to a letter from Wallace to the "Find Your Buddy" Department.

## Who Took the Picture?

In LeMans, France, a picture was taken of Company G, 142nd Infantry, Thirty-sixth Division. Harold T. Esterbrook, 222½ Penna. Avenue, W., Warren, Pa., says he was supposed to get one when he returned to the United States but it hasn't arrived, and he wants to know who took the picture and where to write concerning it.

The address of the mother of FRED SPEARS, California, formerly of Company I, 362d Infantry, Ninety-first Division, is sought by Albert Wagner, 310 Liberty Street, Pella, Iowa, who was with Spears when he was killed and would like to write the man's mother.

HUGH C. CARTER, 115th Sanitary Train, Twenty-ninth Division, or anyone who knows him, is requested to send his address to Joseph N. Fers, 633 South Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Va. Carter's former addresses were North Calvert Street, Baltimore, and Fleet, Virginia.

ERNEST GORDON, formerly of 484th Aero Squadron in France, F. E. Galloway, 302½ East Washington Street, Springfield, Ill., wants to hear from you.



## THE OLD SALT CHANGES SAVOUR

(Continued from page 11)

as a standardized product of exact similitude. He is a type only in so far as he wears a prescribed uniform and lives the routine existence of his calling. Within his heart every old sailor is an individual. Each follows the sea from one or more of many motives. One dislikes the sea, yet follows it because, incompetent child of providence that he is, he squanders each pay as he receives it and never, at the end of an enlistment, has he the wherewithal to start life anew. Another is an economical man who regularly banks his wage against the time of retirement with pension, when he will settle in comparative ease in a haven of long years of dreaming. A third is the casual individual who chanced to ship in his youth and has never thought to change his mode of living. Then there is he of the roving disposition, victim of an incurable wanderlust; and, again, there is the soul which, thrilled in its youth to the rage of the elements and found zest in the formerly hard life of the navy, has passed the service required for retirement, but stays on because he knows no other existence. If a man has voyaged on tropical seas and viewed the Southern Cross in a heaven seemingly heavy with stars, he can grasp the full appeal of life at sea.

Following the old generation of man-o'-war's men is the new, of which such men as Torrey were the vanguard. The bluejackets who man our ships today are from every walk of life. They are not laboring under the social discrimination which was the lot of the old sailor, the war, fortunately, having dissipated that heritage of unfavorable tradition which was passed down from the crews of Paul Jones' ships. The man-o'-war's men of that day were a hard-fisted, villainous lot, the flotsam of the world. The new generation and many of the old are the antithesis of that lot.

UP TO the very time of our entrance into the war a large part of the navy's personnel doffed their uniforms for civilian dress immediately after leaving their vessels. Every navy yard town thrived with establishments wherein bluejackets rented lockers in which to keep civilian clothes. When going from one American port to another many of the men expressed changes of civilian clothing ahead to reach the destination before the ship. In civilian dress they found that they were not discriminated against and could enjoy such pleasures as they indulged in before entering the service.

When war was declared and the blue-jacket, like the soldier, was swept into the civilian home on a wave of patriotic welcome, the old sailor grew bitter. That the expansion of the Navy and the temporary deflection to the sea of so many sons destined for landsman pursuits was largely responsible for the change of public front the old sailor seemed not to realize. He predicted a swift return to the old discriminatory order following the cessation of hostilities. The war-time super-hospitable condition of the hanging

## "Play the part of a good American"



Wrote Theodore Roosevelt to his son in January, 1918—

"We Roosevelts are Americans, and can never think of being anything else—a man with our way of looking at things can no more change his country than he can change his mother; and it is the business of each of us to play the part of a good American and try to make things as much better as possible."



The Millions  
Who Loved  
That Great  
American—

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will appreciate  
his son's  
first book—

A genuine American version of America's part in world affairs during the war—with many intimate and interesting anecdotes of the late ex-President—told now for the very first time.

## AVERAGE AMERICANS

By Theodore Roosevelt

The indomitable spirit that sent the Roosevelt boys to war at the first rumble of arms was their heritage from an illustrious father. Young Colonel Roosevelt was in the first division that went overseas. He was in the first battle after America's entry—was wounded, promoted—and with the first troops to cross the bridgehead. With the characteristic punch and forthright sincerity of his father, he holds forth boldly on the evils of unpreparedness as he saw them himself with the American Expeditionary Forces. In the many touching extracts from the ex-President's letters to his boys at war, we glimpse the depths of his devotion to America and American ideals.

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"Words alone can never convey the complete significance of it. If you have a picture to make give us the opportunity of helping you. If you have a picture to distribute let us be your agents.

"We will be proud to bear your message. It will be a privilege for us to co-operate with you in this great work."

*Extract from a letter  
from Goldwyn to The  
American Legion.*

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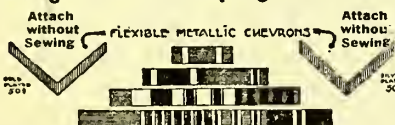
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latch string, of course, could not endure. The condition is passing somewhat. It is doubtful if the pre-war condition ever again will obtain.

The old sailor was partly right in his interpretation of the reason for the hospitality extended him, but the public's opinion of the sailor of pre-war days also was partly right—about on a par with the correctness of the old sailor's interpretation of the hospitality motive.

It is unfortunate that those bluejackets who kept alive the public's inherited poor opinion of man-o'-war's men chose to wear their uniforms while indulging in their wildest port depravities. Their actions were particularly conspicuous by reason of the contrast their uniforms provided with the mufti of the civilian. The civilian saw one bluejacket committing a reprehensible action and condemned all who wore the same garb.

Neither the old sailor, the vanguard of the new, nor the new particularly desires to be made much of. They do, however, desire very much to be received as individuals, the possessors of individual likes and dislikes, codes of ethics and degrees of education. No individuality is permitted the sailor aboard ship, where he is but a cog in an efficient machine, performing an appointed duty in a prescribed way. Ashore he would like to be considered a person and not a standardized type.

The civilian knows little about the old sailor, who is not a particularly confiding person. The visitor aboard a warship who encounters an old sailor who is inclined to talk is not likely to be entertained with authentic chapters from the old salt's life. Rather will he be told of impossible incidents supposed to have happened in China or some other land with which the visitor is unacquainted. And the tale probably will begin with "When I was on the old *Monongahela*" or "Aboard the old *Tuscarora*, which had fourteen decks and no bottom, etc., etc."

Not even the present-day sailor knows much about his predecessor. He, like the civilian, is prone to be hasty and thoughtless in his judgment. It is only in periods of emergency, when the resourcefulness developed by a lifetime at sea is shown or, on the rare occasions of admiral's inspection, when the old sailor decorates his chest with a half dozen medals or more, that the young man-o'-war's man realizes that his predecessor, at some time or other, has done something which had nothing to do with alcohol and which did not involve impatience with things in general and the present-day seaman in particular.

acting cashier, chief clerk, money order department, and superintendent money order department, Wisconsin division, was the result of hard work, frequently on nights and Sundays. I attribute my promotions to one reason in particular: I always aimed to do more than the position called for or the company expected of me.

"My observation in the employment of men in clerical positions is that most of them simply perform the duties to which they are assigned in a mechanical way and never try to improve methods or learn the work of others, and as a result they practically stand still in the matters of promotion and salary, if they are not finally let out altogether.

"If they would only study the details and methods of the business in which they are engaged, with a view of getting more business, or to improve the ways of doing it, their services as a rule would become so valuable they would soon reach the higher positions either with those by whom they were employed, or by other concerns in the same line of business.

"As a demonstration of this, I cite an instance in my own career. When the American Express Company first engaged in the business of selling drafts and other forms for remitting money to foreign countries, it was necessary for its agents to learn to convert foreign money into American money, and vice versa, at various rates of exchange. To most of the employees this was a complicated transaction. Feeling sure that many of the agents would make serious blunders resulting in loss to the company, I made up my mind that I would acquire a thorough knowledge of the foreign exchange business, and, if possible, become an expert in that line.

"I BORROWED library cards from all my friends and obtained every publication I could on that subject. I was soon able to compile a book of tables which would convert any amount of American money into the money of any other country at practically any of the fluctuating rates of exchange, thereby avoiding the necessity of figuring such transactions in long hand.

"It took me four years—evenings and Sundays and vacations—to compile these tables, which I offered to my employers without extra compensation. As a reward for my efforts the company gave me the privilege of publishing these tables in my own name, and agreed to buy them as needed for their own use. These tables may now be found in use by practically every bank and mercantile concern in this country which has dealings in exchange on foreign countries.

"After holding the position of superintendent of the money order division in Wisconsin, I became local financial manager. Next, what my employers termed my talent for creative work earned me the title of manager of special departments. I held this until I became manager and fiscal agent of the entire western financial department of the company.

"About the time I compiled 'Foreign Exchange Text Book' and 'Foreign Exchange Tables,' now standard volumes,

## FROM BUTCHER SHOP TO PRIVATE OFFICE

(Continued from page 18)

number employed you are not thought of, and someone else less capable and less deserving is selected because he is more progressive and more persistent than you are.

"My advancement in the express service, first from money clerk to corresponding clerk, then to assistant cashier,



I conducted a sort of correspondence school of financial business for the education of employes of the company. I taught the agents, hundreds at a time, all of the facts concerning financial transactions. Well, in due time I became vice-president of the company. I guess that's about all there is to tell."

And with a self-deprecatory gesture Mr. Brooks concluded his unusual narration of his rise from the ranks, a story which may well prove heartening and inspirational to the young man who labors under the delusion that only money, exceptional educational advantages, or some sort of "pull" will "get a man anywhere" in the world of business.

## BOLSHEVISM—ENEMY OF AMERICANISM

(Continued from page 9)

occupations are regarded as not essential or even dangerous have adopted occupations which bring them within the classification of those entitled to vote, the franchise will be so widely extended that the result will be democratic majority rule. How long it would take to attain this result, even under the most favorable conditions, nobody knows. Russia is economically a very backward country, as readily may be gathered from the fact that all the bond and share capital of the whole Russian Empire in 1914, exclusive of banks and railways, was only about equal to the capital of the United States Steel Corporation, about two billion dollars. Under the most favorable conditions imaginable the process of development on which the Bolsheviks rely must take generations. Certainly here in the United States such a process would take a very long time, even assuming it could take place at all.

The rule of the Bolsheviks has been maintained thus far over a very considerable part of Russia, principally European Russia, by methods precisely like those used by the Czarist regime. No more brutally tyrannical government has existed anywhere in the world in modern times. Not only this, but under this rule the economic life of Russia has been almost utterly ruined. Russia is today a weltering chaos.

These, then, are the broad and salient facts concerning this new form of despotism whose strident challenge is heard in every civilized land. A lot of middle-headed romanticists, possessing no sense of the terrible realities of the social problem, who, had they happened to live in Russia, would be shot or imprisoned, are giving voice to this challenge. It is the solemn duty of every sincere and intelligent American to face the challenge and answer it. Neither mob law nor repressive and punitive legislation will avail anything; Czarism long ago exhausted the possibilities of these in its vain attempt to crush out the revolutionary spirit. We can only fight Bolshevism intelligently and efficiently with intelligence. The way to fight its propaganda against it is a counter-propaganda in defense of democracy.

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X51 Solitaire diamond, set in platinum mounting. \$75.  
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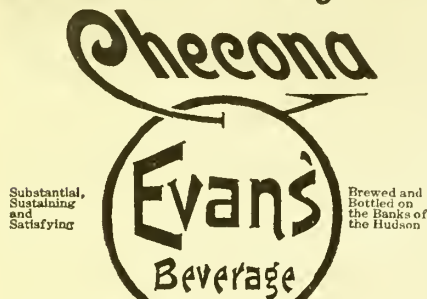
such an attitude finds its most uncompromising expression. This bust was made by Frank C. Wamsley, an American sculptor, who has done justice to his great subject.

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Money Orders with Orders.

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# Mike Monkey's Bread Returns

(Continued from page 22)

the line-like horizon. No ships or smoke showed. Red Lanyard, Micky and a diver stood upon the bridge. They studied the bobbing buoy which marked the wreck.

"Roust hout everybody!" ordered the skipper. "Open hatches an' companions. The sea's going down. The wind's veered. Get th' tackle swung. I expect to lower two divers by noon. I want their report."

"Too rough, yet," objected the diver. "Hit's never too rough—with platinum at stake!"

RED LANYARD went forward and took charge of raising the anchor. He turned steam on the vertical windlass after Mike Monkey had popped up through the engine-room companions, taken one wild glance around, and disappeared. The anchor was stowed in the hawse. The *Ivor* started clamping in the direction of the buoy. Micky McMasters maneuvered the wrecker across the undersea position of the *Allie*. He posted a seaman in the waist. The lead-line showed a depth of thirty-seven fathoms. Suddenly it fouled.

"Th' *Allie*!" snapped Micky. "She's probably right below. Grapple for 'er rigger'."

It was dark when the *Ivor* was in a position to send down a diver. Micky, after consulting his mate, decided to wait until morning. The barometer was steadily rising. Lights showed in the north. One marked the position of the headland.

Disappointment filled the days that followed. The sea would not give up its prey. Currents, shifting sand, and a fresh half-gale from the west prevented the divers from locating the purser's strong-box of the *Allie*. Their reports led to one conclusion. The Russian ship, built in Germany before the war, was crumbling under the influence of sea water. Her funnels had fallen. Her deck-houses were filled with slime and seaweed. Her rigging was rotten. She lay with a seventeen degree list to starboard.

Micky McMasters cast a hopeless eye over the littered planks of the *Ivor* on the ninth day of the option. The divers had been down. The process of getting them up had taken an hour of valuable time. They had to be lifted by easy stages from a depth of more than thirty fathoms. The diving gear was heavy and cumbersome.

"I told you it was a wicked pressure," said Mike Monkey.

Micky McMasters did not flare at his first engineer. He had other things to think about. The master diver's report was an epic in disappointment. Sharks, a gripping current, darkness and death lurked at every turn made below. The bridge and combined pilot-house and chart-room of the *Allie* had crumbled or crashed through the forward deck. The torpedo wound in the ship's side was abaft the stump of the foremast.

The purser's safe, built within a sheet-steel tank, had not been found. It lay with the other wreckage in the fore-hold. It was thirty-six fathoms from the surface of the sea. No diver could work at that depth for very many minutes. The gear aboard the *Ivor* was of the best obtainable.

Half-naked men gathered beneath the bridge and glared up at the skipper.

"By noon tomorrow!" shouted Micky. "Give me till noon. Th' option expires then."

"Wot have ye in mind?" asked Mike Monkey.

"Nitroglycerin. Plenty of it. We'll blow th' wreck apart. Then we'll search the bottom of th' sea."

The first engineer stared over the bridge-rail. He circled the entire horizon.

"I expect Gringham an' Sons' outfit. 'They'll be peeved if ye blast th' *Allie*.'"

"Break out all th' nitro on board. Rig up electric fuses. I'll lower th' divers at six bells—this afternoon."

Fortunately, the sea calmed. The west wind of the week shifted toward the south. Excursion boats passed between the *Ivor* and the headland.

THE blasting of the *Allie* was done thoroughly. Five hundred pounds of nitroglycerin, divided into many water-tight packages, were laid along her deck. A more than heavy package rested near the keelson. The *Ivor*'s anchor chain was allowed to slip to the last link. Mike Monkey stood on the wrecker's fore-peak. He pressed down the handle of the blasting generator. A shudder racked the ocean's bed. A mound of water rose, towered and burst like a huge green bubble. The staunch tug rocked. She rolled both rails under. Her stern dipped until her brow was out of the sea for many feet. She righted. Wreckage, rotten cordage, muck and samples of a year-old cargo came to the surface.

"There's a case o' caviare," said Mike Monkey as he climbed to the bridge.

"Damn th' caviare!" snapped Micky McMasters. "Send down th' divers."

An hour passed before the *Ivor* was cross-anchored over the wreck. The divers disappeared beneath the surface. Air-hose, electric cables and insulated telephone lines were played out by the pump-hands. Micky McMaster's face was stamped with uncertainty. He listened to the reports phoned up to the tug. Two of the divers reached a part of the stern of the *Allie*. They waited while a third lowered himself to the bottom of the sea. Bubbles marked the man's progress. He stayed down at the extreme depth for twenty minutes. He was drawn up a fathom at a time, with a minute's rest each fathom.

His report, delivered to Micky McMasters, when the helmet was unbolted by Ray and Mike Monkey, left little hope of recovering the safe or the platinum. The ocean's bed was strewn with wreckage. The seaweed and whirling sand made inspection almost impossible. The



electric light, also, was practically useless.

Micky stared at the sky. Night was coming on. There would be no use working the divers until morning. They needed rest.

"We'll get th' treasure tomorrow!" declared the skipper. "Hit's then or never with hus!"

Dawn brought all hands on deck. Gringham & Son's option began at noon. It was likely that their wrecking ships already had left New York Harbor. The master diver made two descents. He came up the second time and moved toward Micky McMaster. He stammered his discovery when his helmet was unbolted.

The safe, riveted to deck beams and ribs, was lying with its door upward. Around it was a mass of wreckage.

**A** SHOUT from the radio-operator caused Mike Monkey to crane his scrawny neck and peer over the *Ivor's* stern. Smoke showed on the horizon. A ship, or ships, was coming from the west.

"Gringham's a wee bit hasty," said the first engineer. "We hae twa hours to recover th' precious metal."

"Not henough!" snapped Micky. "This diver cawn't go down. Th' others are afraid of th' depth." Who'll volunteer?"

Ray touched the little skipper on the arm. "I'll try," he said.

Mike Monkey squinted at the fugitive. "Hae ye ever done any deep-sea work?"

"None. I know a safe when I see one. Did the diver leave some kind of a mark I can follow?"

Micky McMasters gripped Ray's arm. He led him to the rail.

"See that line?" he whispered. "Hit extends to th' fiferail o' th' *Allie*. From there you go upcurrent to th' position hof th' strong-box. We cawn't grapple hit. There's too much wreckage on top an' around. We cawn't blow hit hup. Th' platinum is in little lumps an' bars. It's Ural placer findings. Th' hexplosion would scatter everything."

"I get you," said the fugitive. "Rig me out in that diving suit. Give me a knife, a jimmy and a good lamp. I'll go down."

"But 'ow are you going to hopen th' box?"

Ray held out his hands. "Ask the police of New York," he said. "Of course it may be rusted shut—but I expect an old crib."

Micky McMasters gave the order to belt and bolt and strap Ray in the master diver's suit. He descended at six bells. There remained one hour before the expiration of the option. Gringham & Sons' two wrecking tugs dashed toward the anchored *Ivor*.

Micky McMasters, Mike Monkey and Red Lanyard stood on the bridge and fumed. Bubbles bursting at the surface marked the crook's course under water. The three seamen shouted instructions to the pump hands and divers who played out the air-hose and safety-line. The helmet, built especially for deep-sea work, was equipped with a telephone transmitter and receivers. Noon approached. The Cockney skipper leaned over the bridgerail. He eyed the approaching tugs. His jaw hardened.

"Keep away!" he shouted. "You 'ave no right 'ere!"

The nearest wrecking boat starboarded, swung close to the *Ivor's* stern, and ranged alongside. An efficient-looking master-wrecker was standing on the pilot house. He pulled out a great silver watch.

"Thirteen minutes more!" he sneered. "After that, get your tub out of the way and let a man go to work."

"Micky McMasters tried to answer this thrust. His throat gagged. His eyes welled with salty tears.

"I still hae hopes," whispered Mike Monkey. "All th' lad needs is time. He's arrived at th' strong-box. He's been down for fifty minutes—a record."

"What does 'e say?" asked the captain.

"He says, over th' phone, which isn't distinct, that we're to wait till he comes up."

**E**IGHT bells struck. A blare sounded from the nearest wrecker's siren. The option was up.

Micky McMasters had no choice according to sea law save to pull up his diver, bring aboard the anchors, and leave the wreck to its purchaser's agents.

The master-wrecker flourished an impressive-looking document. He brought his tug close up to the *Ivor's* rail. He leaped across the gap. Climbing to Micky McMasters' side he exclaimed:

"Give th' job to a man! The *Allie* from stem to stern belongs to Gringham & Sons. Here's th' Russian consul's transfer. You clear out!"

Mike Monkey supported the little skipper.

"Ye are precipitous," he said. "Ye hae nae rights till ye prove them."

"I'll prove them!" The master-wrecker raised his arm. A score of dock-rats and stokers swarmed out of the tug's galley house and leaped aboard the *Ivor*. They were armed with spanners and brass belaying-pins. Red Lanyard thrust himself through the scum. He climbed to Micky McMasters' side.

"Our diver says he better come up," he said. "I told him the option has expired. He knows that Gringham & Sons' wreckers have arrived. I guess it's all off, skipper."

Micky McMasters sought the seclusion of his cabin for a few minutes. When he came out Mike Monkey and the mate were stowing aboard the tackle used to lift the divers. Ray was being brought up three fathoms at a time. He appeared above the surface at two bells—one hour after the option had expired.

Mike Monkey stared at the diver. No line dangled from his rubber-encased fingers. His expression, as seen through the helmet-glass, was noncommittal. He shook his head. The pump-hands assisted in getting him out of the cumbersome diving-suit. He reeled while walking to the *Ivor's* galley, where the cook had coffee ready.

An hour later Micky McMasters emerged from his cabin and went to the bridge. The *Ivor* under half-speed was heading for the nearest port. Two dots marked the ocean astern. Gringham & Sons' entire outfit was working over the shattered wreck of the *Allie*.

"Verra enterprising," sighed Mike



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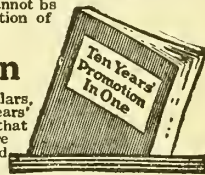
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Monkey. "They proceeded with judgment an' dispatch."

"The robbers!" said the skipper.

"I hae nae doot ye are satisfied."

MICKY McMASTERS thought of his home on the Humber. He knew exactly how old McGovern would take the matter. The wrecker would say nothing—which was his way. But he would look daggers.

"Circumstances were blame strong against hus, Mike."

"That they were. I minds a similar situation. Th' wreck o' th' Glassford off th' Manacles."

Micky McMasters drew himself erect. "Manacles, eh," he rasped. "Ye brought bad luck on hus by 'arborin' that jail-bird."

"Harborin'? He has requested me to be put ashore at a place called Great Barrens. He says there are nae police or coast guards or telegraph lines there."

"We'll fasten 'im in chains and put 'im ashore in New York."

"He's a likely lad. Pleasin' and ingenious. He came from Clydebank originally."

"E goes in irons!"

"He did his best for us, skipper. He tried."

Micky remembered the length of time Ray had remained under water. The fugitive had done all that a man could do under the circumstances. Reluctantly, and after considerable persuasion on the part of the engineer, the *Ivor's* helm was changed so that Great Barrens could be reached before night.

Ray was rowed to an ancient wharf. He climbed out of the smallboat, leaned down, and handed the boatman a folded note.

"Take it to the captain," he said.

Mike Monkey and Micky McMasters were on the bridge when the boat returned. They had seen Ray's slender form vanish through a colony of bungalows and bathing-houses. He had not even waved farewell.

The somewhat indignant skipper took the note from the seaman. He opened it and read by the aid of a side light:

You did me a good turn, pals. I opened that box under water after fifteen minutes work over a sticking spindle. It was an old crib—good thing for us. Look in the bottom of the deep-sea boots I wore when I was down. I had to bring the swag up that way. I left the boots under my bunk in the stokehold. As ever, yours truly,

Glycerin Jimmy.

Micky McMasters found the boots where Ray had stowed them. Both were slit by a knife. The lead weights on the soles and heels had been lightened by fully one hundred pounds. A pleasing rattle sounded when the little skipper poured the platinum on the nearest engine-room plate. It made a white mound.

"I hae nae doot Gringham & Sons will be peeved," gasped Mike Monkey over Micky's shoulder.

"Peeved is right. We 'ave a visible hexample o' castin' bread on th' waters. It came back, cake!"



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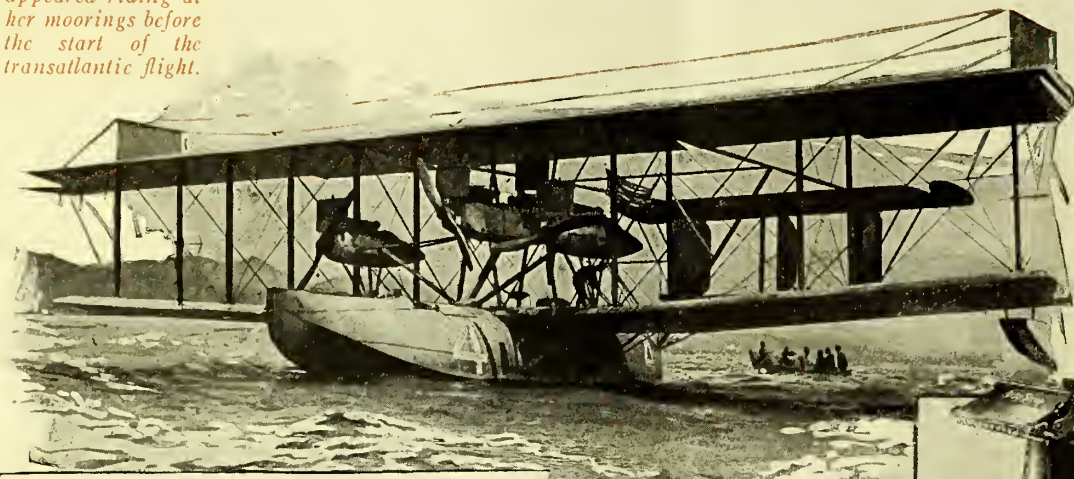
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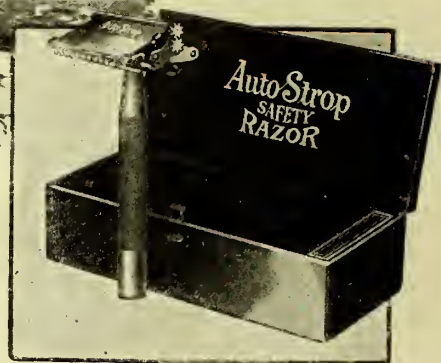


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